

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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Cutting Out Pony Herds

PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

Soldiers, when attacking a camp, always had a detail of men who tried to run off the ponies of the Indians and thus put them afoot, and the Indians did their best to thwart them.



"The Chaldean Story of the Flood"

Dug Up From the Ruins of Ancient Chaldea

DO YOU KNOW that the Ancient Chaldean story of the Flood is the same in every detail as Moses' account in Genesis—and that it was written thousands of years before his version appeared? Hardly one in a thousand even knows of this startling fact. **DO YOU?** But it is one of the many thousand curiously interesting accounts in

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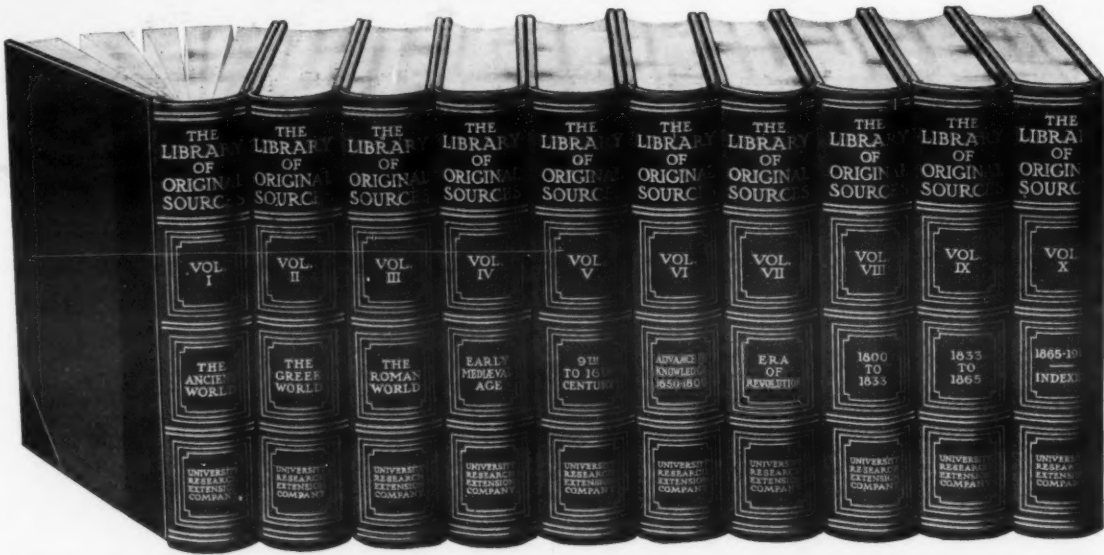
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Collier's
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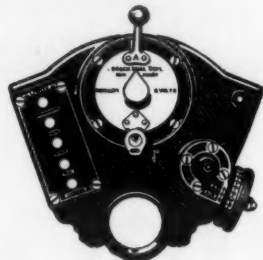
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Flexible, efficient, silent, giving motion with no sense of exerted power.

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Six cylinders, 4 by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
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Actual brake horsepower 60.
Wheelbase touring car 134 inches.
Tires, front 36 by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, rear 37 by 5 inches.

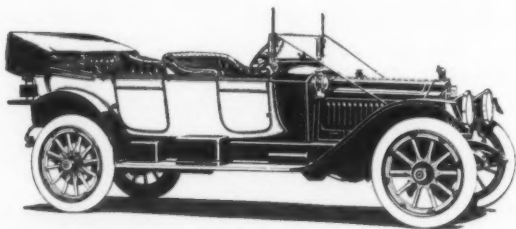
"48"

Six cylinders, $4\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
48 horsepower A. L. A. M. rating.
Actual brake horsepower 82.
Wheelbase touring car 139 inches.
Tires, front 36 by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, rear 37 by 5 inches.

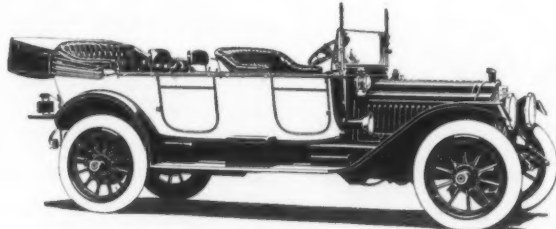
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Packard "38" Phaeton



Packard "48" Touring Car

Colliers



THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



Father Time—"Whip him up, Mr. People! P'r'aps
I'll live to see the finish"



THE BUSINESS OF ARSON

THE WORDS that follow here were uttered by a citizen who, in the opening years of the twentieth century, enjoys all the attributes and perquisites of high respectability, the president of a Connecticut fire insurance company testifying before the Illinois Insurance Commission:

"Speaking for the company, for the fire insurance companies, I should say that the reduction of the fire waste would not be a profitable thing. I think, Mr. Chairman, that as a business fire insurance is conducted by companies—like the one I represent—with most satisfaction and with larger profits in the years when fires are plenty; a good number of fires means a good premium account."

And this one was like unto him, the general manager of a foreign fire insurance company with a huge business in America:

"Were there no fires there would be no insurance business; and, on the other hand, the greater the fire damage, the greater the turn-over out of which insurance companies make profit. . . . Speaking to-night as manager of a fire insurance company, I say we cannot make profits for our shareholders without fires, and, further, that within certain well-defined limits we welcome fires."

The sinister results that flow from this criminal cynicism on the part of those who eagerly share the profits of arson, but smugly avoid its risks, will be described in a series of articles that begins in this paper next week. For more than a year one of our writers, Mr. ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE, has been engaged in an investigation which anticipated the "arson plot" that now contributes sensations to the New York City newspapers. But the arson plot is merely a superficial flare-up. Mr. MCFARLANE's series, "The Business of Arson," shows that the business of fire insurance, as conducted in North America, is ultimately responsible. The official investigations of 1905 and the following years never revealed such a state of affairs in life insurance as our unofficial investigation reveals in the allied business of fire insurance. For the life insurance companies, whatever their state, never conspired with murder, while the fire insurance companies have pursued for many years a policy which makes arson safe, easy, and profitable.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S ARTICLES

MR. ROOSEVELT is right, and time will be his justification. Given a misleading name when it was first set forth at Columbus a year ago, his propaganda has suffered a hard handicap. Some laymen and papers have opposed it because they have misunderstood it. The eminent lawyers who have sounded the wild alarm against it are those members of the profession who ceased soon after their student days to look upon law as a science, and became the mere agents of big business. The teachers of law, the deans of law schools, the scholars who are devoted to law as a science—these understand what Mr. ROOSEVELT has in mind, approve it, and are working ardently to bring it about. This one issue, the right of the people to pass finally on statutes which are held by the courts to be unconstitutional—this alone is enough to maintain the solidarity of the Progressives as a party. The Democrats may adopt the Progressive party's humanitarian program; the Republican party may change its spots, cleanse its Southern stables, and beg the departing sister to return; but this fundamental issue of the people's rule can safely be left out of doors overnight.

WHAT IS BRAVERY?

THE PRESIDENT of the New Jersey State Board of Education, Dr. WILLIAM G. SHAUFFLER, thinks that being obliged to compete for marks is injuring the brains of our school children. Probably he is right. Emulation cannot be eliminated from human nature, but among young Americans it is apt to need direction much more than stimulation. It is so much easier to get obvious results by stimulating rivalries than by tempering them that the temptation lies that way. We listened the other day to two schoolboys talking of a college "man" who had entered a football game at the known risk of his life; their admiration was awe-stricken; their hero was doing his all to save his college from being beaten. Everyone hears such talk. It is the idealistic form of the American worship of success. We are an over-stimulated people. It is desirable to recall other attitudes of mind that also provoke admiration—DIOGENES'S indifference and independence, for instance. The late JOHN LA FARGE analyzed such passions for any little victory at any big cost, and used to tell of the boat races he saw in Samoa. The splendid big native chiefs would race against whites who were for the most part little London-bred cockneys pulled down by a tropical climate; if the race was short the natives always won; but when it was long, victory as uniformly lay with the white men. More endurance, better second wind? Not at all; the Samoans simply did not see

the sense of suffering that much to win a boat race. Sounds upsettingly sensible, doesn't it? And who can deny the philosophic health and easy dignity of their position? And yet, possibly, the merit-mark system would be useful in the Samoan public schools.

GIRLS AND LABOR

COOPERATION among women and loyalty of the individual woman to a group, such as a labor union, is proverbially difficult to attain. Miss JOSEPHINE CASEY of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union said recently to an audience of girl strikers:

There are too many girls in the garment trade who say: "I don't care what conditions are; I'll get married in a short time." But, girls, don't forget that if you take that stand you are cheating your future husbands out of a livelihood for themselves and for you also.

Many speak of a deep-seated lack of loyalty in the nature of woman, of an inability on her part to comprehend the significance of concerted action for a distant end, of teamwork. But experience with women in club work, in family groups, in college activities, in the life of small communities, does not seem to ratify that view. Loyalty is a none too common trait of human nature, but in every case where the need for group action is clearly understood by the women they show themselves quite as capable of self-sacrificing loyalty as men. But the training of the girl, especially among the children of foreign laborers, is all designed to turn this capacity into unquestioning obedience to an individual man—father, husband, big brother, boss. All the practice in teamwork that the boy gets from his "gang" and his games is denied to the girl. It takes an idea of very hard-gripping force to break down these traditions and allow the girl's power of devotion to express itself in loyalty to her fellows. That so much devotion is shown by the girls to their unions, and such heroic work is done in spite of these drawbacks, is the best possible proof of a capacity for organization in women. But too many girls still look upon industry as a temporary condition to be scrambled through in any old way on the road to matrimony. Make them understand that by their slipshod work, by their carelessness of conditions, they are endangering their future homes, lowering the wages of their future husbands, lessening the chances of their hoped-for children, and their womanly devotion will be flung into the fight for better conditions until the women's unions will form the strongest link in the solidarity of the laboring classes.

TELL US ANOTHER

THERE ARE CERTAIN PHRASES that the world is tired of hearing; certain excuses and smooth, condescending statements from the powers that be that are not as convincing as they once were. During the New York garment strike a contractor who sent out a large amount of his work in subcontracts made this statement:

Our tenement-house workers can easily make \$7 a week. If they worked in the shop they could make \$9 or \$10, but they prefer to take their work to their homes so that they can attend to their household duties and work whenever they please. In the light of what we know of the difference that two or three dollars a week makes to a tenement family, and the relation that home work bears to "household duties," such a remark causes laughter that is very like to wrath. In the same strike the New York Clothing Trade Association printed a large statement in the leading papers, beginning:

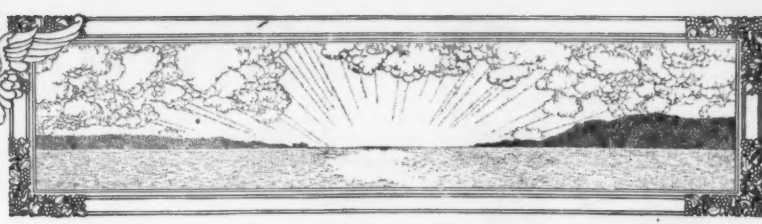
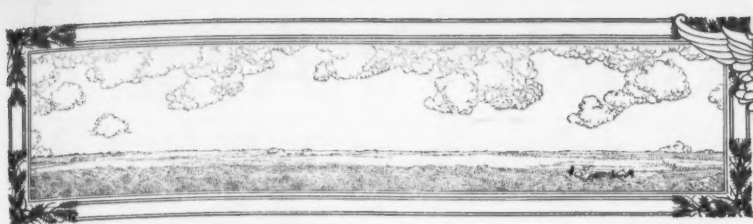
AN UNJUSTIFIABLE STRIKE

The clothing strike was started by a handful of self-seeking agitators and against the real interests of the workers.

Agitators may precipitate trouble, but they cannot make it. Tens of thousands of people—hard working, much worried—do not lay down their means of livelihood in the bitter weather of early January and face the most biting privation for an undetermined time unless there is a much better reason than "a handful of self-seeking agitators." All sympathy is due to those business men who are trying to work out the difficult problems that face them honestly and well, but this sort of asininity only antagonizes the public which it is intended to placate.

OTHER TIMES, OTHER TALENTS

APROPOS of the public communications of CASTRO, sometime President of Venezuela, during his detention on Ellis Island the literary accomplishments of Latin-American public men generally received compliments from more than one newspaper; from BOLIVAR to CASTRO the admirable tradition is unbroken; neither character, formal education, nor mentality has much to do with the lucidity, vigor, and grace that the most diverse types have in common. If we think this strange it is because we are forgetting the commonest facts of history and are fooled by the shallowest illusions of individual independence. Time was when, if a Dutchman painted, he painted most amazing well—and countless



Dutchmen painted; time was when Frenchmen, and especially French women, wrote letters and memoirs and all sorts of personal records in endless quantity, and with such competent, easy grace as seems vanished from the later world; time was when the literary instinct of England was so profound and general that such a work as the translation of the King James Bible could be done in committee—of all devices the one best adapted to bring out a commonplace taste, if there was any to bring out, but there was none; and both before then and after were seasons when English gentlemen seemed to write lovely verses, all but as naturally as they rode to war; mobs of gentlemen wrote not only with ease but with something like genius, so beneficent is the effect of a great living tradition. Listen:

Ay, my sweet sweeting, my pretty little sweeting,
My sweeting will I love where'er I go.
She is so proper and so pure,
Full steadfast, stable, and demure,
There is none such you may be sure,
As my sweet sweeting.

Is not that pretty? Has it not a touch, sure and light, different from anything done to-day, and more engaging than are such trifles from the run of our best minor poets? Yet this singer was not even a minor poet; no one ever accused him of it; this is HENRY VIII trilling his middle-aged passion for ANNE BOLEYN. Everybody was doing it then, and now they are not.

FOR FANS ONLY

THE FIRST STEP toward eliminating the intentional passing of batters during critical periods of a baseball game will be taken by Manager EVERS of the Chicago Cubs at his earliest opportunity. EVERS intends to ask the National League to advocate a rule by which every runner on the bases shall advance whenever the pitcher issues four balls. In other words, if third base alone is occupied and the batter is "walked"—intentionally or otherwise—that man shall score. Such a rule would be even more sweeping than the change recently suggested by this paper, and would effectively rid baseball of a feature which the best friends of the game think is unsportsmanlike.

HERE IS A GOOD MOVE

THE GREATEST CHAIN of drug stores in America is called Liggetts. Its president, LOUIS K. LIGGETT, celebrated New Year's Day by issuing this order to its stores in Boston and twenty-one other cities in the United States and Canada:

From this date no intoxicating liquors of any kind will be sold in any Liggett store in the United States or Canada.

This is a wholly voluntary step toward high-business ideals, for the law quite generally sanctions the sale of liquor by drug stores in quantities of a half pint or more. Liggetts had already discontinued throughout its chain of retail stores the sale of habit-forming drugs, or anything to be used for questionable purposes, not waiting for these things to be forbidden by law. This episode has an interesting relation to the largest political question in the United States to-day. The chief issue between the Progressive and Democratic parties is whether business shall be encouraged to organize into large units, or the contrary. This is a very broad and complex problem, and what is said here touches only a small part of it; but there can be no doubt of these things: large organization, up to a certain point at least, makes for economy; large organization in retail trade makes also for attractive stores and efficient service; and this Liggetts incident proves that large organization can sometimes go farther than the law toward social good.

MAMIE'S KINGDOM

IT WAS A RELIGIOUS LUNCH COUNTER, run for young men. They came in giggling droves at the noon hour—two or three hundred of them—and piled up their serried ranks at the chocolate-colored counter. "Hello, MAMIE," they said, each with his own particular sort of smirk. It was an inside sanctum in one of those cooperative gathering places with wholesome influences and yearly dues, where clerks, school-boys, and obscure men of doubtful age in a great city pool their loneliness and get good things at easy prices. MAMIE ran the lunch counter. She had a way with her of making each man creature think he was peculiarly the apple of her liquid brown eye. She dispensed her charm universally without favoritism, and yet with a sense of individual conferment. Many a pale-faced youth left her placid ample presence hugging the hope that she had glanced at him with a difference. But, really, she hadn't. Her eyes glowed for all alike, on the just and the unjust. At the heart of her she was vaguely bored by their immaturity. Daily, at that noon invasion, she pulled the lever for, say, 237 cups of coffee,

and sent them skating over the marble slab toward the thirsty, patient mob. She ladled out 103 or so plates of beans, whose kernels oilily floated in a lazy brown pool of sweetness. Over threescore bowls of shredded wheat with milk were passed out by her capable fingers. Figures for the veal stew reveal that often she was well over the century mark when one-thirty marked the flight of the last of the friendly horde. Then followed a half-hour session with the secretaries, recording secretaries, executive secretaries, and secretaries and treasurers of this particular branch of the uplift work. They were mild men, of gentle voice and subdued mien, who had reached the age of forty years in fairly pleasant places of routine work, regular hours, sure small pay. They had decided to stay in the niche and let the larger struggle, with its opportunities and perils and uncertainty, go hang. Half a dozen of them purring together at the corner table, as they recalled an agreeable lecture of the evening before, gave an impression of contented folk who had nibbled at least a leaf or two of the very pleasant lotus plant.

Such was MAMIE'S kingdom, and such her sway. Over that mild-mannered, unsophisticated mass her personality was easily ascendant and pervasive. She responded faintly and pleasantly to every eye that faced her as its owner yearned for shredded wheat. When the daring spirits rallied her with characteristic male gallantry she answered with a kindly and smiling flow of good humor. She had learned not to care too much about anything. Life came to her; she didn't go out to meet it. And when it came she gave it a sweet-natured, nonchalant acceptance.

WANTED

AT THIS TICK OF TIME several dozen investigations are in process in these United States. There are investigations into the Vice Trust, the Money Trust, the Charity Trust, overworked children, underpaid girls, Harvard professors. Fondly we hope that some one small, workable solution will emerge.

THE USES OF DANGER

IN EACH ONE OF US is a hidden, unconfessed desire for a "bigger time" than that which the average allotment brings. It is a craving for adventure and danger—for a rush of events in which the nerve centers shall come sharply to attention and then show a heightened activity. Most of us are buried like moles in routine and trivialities, and a catastrophe throws off the encumbering earth. Only a few times in many years does there enter a sense of the full being coming to focus: an external situation matching the restless desires of the inner mood. Once in a storm at sea, the tail end of the Galveston hurricane, on an Allan liner halfway home from Glasgow, the pitching of the vessel, the size of the green waves breaking over the deck, the touch of actual danger at the stern—all these exciting conditions of the stormy day conferred a sense of peace to the spirit. There was tension, to be sure, but there underlay the high-wrought mood the assurance of everything slipping into its proper place, and all things working in easy effectiveness. At last that day had come for which everyone waits. For once there was no sense that only a small portion of self was in commission. Always before, in each single event and act, there had been left over unfunctioning fragments, like unemployed riotous troops. When that call comes which would release us and unlock the hidden powers, a certain few respond. An anonymous hero appears at almost every accident and then retires to his place in the great crowd. That is the spectacle of routine bravery at many points around the globe. The sentry on duty, the captain on the bridge, the fireman on the ladder, all go blithely to sure death rather than turn their faces away from some unseen leader. That presence keeps them loyal to the job when thick smoke and stormy waters and the wrath of men would turn them.

MOTTO FOR A HOME

THIS HOME is dedicated to good will. It grew out of love. The two heads of the household were called together by a power higher than they. To its decree they are obedient. Every tone of the voice, every thought of their being, is subdued to that service. They desire to be worthy of their high calling, as ministers of that grace. They know their peace will go unbroken only for a little time. And often they suspect that the time will be more short even than their anxious hope. They cannot permit so much as one hour of that brief unity to be touched by scorn or malice. The world's judgments have lost their sting inside this door. Those who come seeking to continue the harmony which these two have won are ever welcome. The rich are welcome, so they come simply. The poor are welcome, for they have already learned friendliness through buffeting. Youth is welcome, for it brings the joy which these two would learn. Age is welcome, for it will teach them tenderness.



Sarah Knisley's Arm

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Part Second of Mr. Roosevelt's Argument—Based Upon the Case of Sarah Knisley and Other Victims of Existing Law—That Industrial Legislation Held by Courts to be Unconstitutional Should be Submitted to the People at the Next Election Just as a Constitutional Amendment is Now Submitted

Illustrated by Cesare



MESSRS. Root, Milburn, Marshall, and Guthrie are great corporation lawyers. I have no question that they represent in their professional dealings what the ethics of the profession demand. When Mr. Milburn argues for Pratt against the one-armed girl who has lost her arm through that concern's negligence; when Mr. Marshall, relying partly upon the Jacobs decision, argues against the constitutionality of an act designed to make living conditions decent in tenement houses; when Mr. Guthrie, relying on the same act, argues against an eight-hour law for workmen employed by contractors for the State; or when Mr. Marshall argues against the constitutionality of a workmen's compensation act—in all of these cases I recognize fully that they are acting according to the ethics of their profession as generally construed and in accordance with the way which many, and perhaps most, honorable men in that profession deem proper. But the fact that they are very highly paid for doing this professional duty, for appearing against the cause of justice in the courts, should make them hesitate long before they attempt further to serve as citizens the cause of reaction outside the courts. Three centuries ago Lord Bacon pointed out the duty of professional men themselves to eliminate the faults of their profession so as to make the practice of that profession better. But the effort of these four gentlemen, in their criticism of me, is mainly to make permanent the defects of which all lovers of justice complain. If it is the duty of a great lawyer to help a wealthy client refuse justice to a crippled man or woman worker, or a dweller in a tenement house, or an overworked laboring man or woman, it is nevertheless not his duty to try to perpetuate the injustice (which he as a lawyer has been instrumental in producing) by publicly defending it as a citizen and assailing those who seek to undo the injustice.

It is such actions as those of these four gentlemen which have spread widely through our people the distrust of the average great corporation lawyer, and the popular disbelief in his power to dissociate himself from a professional bias toward the interests of his employers when the interests of the public are hostile thereto.

LET THE PEOPLE SPEAK

UNDoubtedly in the slow process of time we get rid of most of the worst features of decisions such as I have given above. Without any change in the Constitution it would still be impossible for courts now to render decisions as abhorrent to justice as certain decisions rendered by well-meaning judges in this country and in England eighty or a hundred years ago. Moreover, by direct and emphatic and reiterated criticism such as the criticism which I have now for many years made, and which I have been sharply criticized for making, we can in some cases secure the reversal—outright or in effect—of decisions such as this Knisley case or of the bakeshop case or of the Knight sugar case. Moreover, under our cumbrous and ineffective system of constitutional amendment, we can, if there is sufficiently intense feeling and if it lasts for a sufficient number of years, ultimately secure in exceptional cases an authoritative reversal of some exceptionally improper decision.

But this is not enough. The history of the cases which these four great corporation lawyers have made prominent emphasizes the fact that the men who in an age of corporations consider themselves, and are considered to be, leaders of the bar are not the men in whose hands it is safe to leave the method of dealing with social and industrial legislation, or the choice of judges who are to consider the constitutionality of such legislation. Moreover, it has made clear the fact that honest and well-meaning judges, versed in the law, may often perpetrate frightful injustice on great sections of our people—and these the most helpless sections of our people—and yet that under the existing system a generation may pass before such injustice can be remedied.

We should clearly grasp the fact that the great corporation lawyers, and the chiefs of the great corporations whom they serve, are not men whose judgment is of special value, or of even average value, in selecting judges. We should also grasp the more important fact that as regards certain classes of constitutional decisions, notably those on laws enacted under the police power or general-welfare clauses of the Constitution, the people should have the right of review of these decisions, when judges of the kind favored by these men declare the laws unconstitutional. It is the right of the people to decide what the standard of social and industrial justice shall be, and it is not the right of a small number of well-meaning men belonging to one particular class to override that decision.

I firmly believe that, on the whole, the vote of the people in these matters is far more apt to be right than is the vote of this small number of men chosen from one particular class.

AN ILLUMINATING COMPARISON

ABRAMHAM LINCOLN, in his day, treated the Dred Scott case exactly as we who in our day stand for social and industrial justice treat such cases as those above discussed. Judge Douglas assailed Abraham Lincoln precisely as these four great corporation lawyers have assailed me. Lincoln demanded that the decision in the Dred Scott case should be reversed. Douglas jeered at him, saying, for instance, in his speech at Quincy, October 13, 1858:

He tells you that he does not like the Dred Scott decision. Suppose he does not, how is he going to help himself? He says that he will reverse it. How will he reverse it? I know of but one mode of reversing judicial decisions, and that is by appealing from the inferior to the superior court. The Dred Scott decision was pronounced by the highest tribunal on earth. From that decision there is no appeal this side of heaven. Yet Mr. Lincoln says he is going to reverse that decision. By what tribunal will he reverse it? Will he appeal to a mob? He wants me to argue with you the merits of each point of that decision before this political meeting. I say to you, with all due respect, that I choose to abide by the decisions of the Supreme Court as they are pronounced. It is not for me to inquire after a decision is made whether I like it in all the points or not. When I used to practice law with Lincoln, I never knew him to be beat in a case that he did not get mad at the judge and talk about appealing. He who attempts to stir up odium and rebellion in the country against the constituted authorities is stimulating the passions of men to resort to violence and to mobs instead of to the law.

EVERY CASE FOR ITSELF

HOW exactly the language of those who denounced Lincoln for his attitude in the Dred Scott decision resembles the language of those who to-day denounce us because we take a like attitude as regards the decisions in the bakeshop case, or the Knisley case, or the Knight sugar case, or the Jacobs case, or the workmen's compensation case! Lincoln was not able to appeal to a peaceful vote of the people as a whole on the Dred Scott case, and therefore the people themselves were forced to appeal to the supreme arbiter, the sword. Our proposal is for the very purpose of averting all danger of an appeal to the mob—the appeal which Lincoln's opponents furiously accused him of making, and which our opponents accuse us of making. Our proposal is that in great matters of this kind we shall appeal to the sober and deliberate judgment of the people themselves, so that they may authoritatively decide what shall be done in these vital matters of

"I only propose that when two servants of the people, the court and the Legislature, differ as to whether a given act shall become part of the law of the land, the people shall have the right to say which one of their servants properly represents them"

social and industrial justice in which the welfare of all of the people is concerned.

I am not in any way discussing the judicial function of the courts. The functions I am discussing are not judicial at all, but political, and are exercised by courts only in America. In no other great nation do the courts exercise the right to annul legislative acts. I do not propose to reduce American judges to the level of power exercised by English, French, and German judges. I only propose that when two servants of the people, the court and the Legislature, differ as to whether a given act shall become part of the law of the land, the people shall have the right to say which one of their servants properly represents them. The proposal is in effect that the people shall decide whether or not a given act which has been declared unconstitutional shall nevertheless become law. I am not interested in mere terminology. I am interested in facts. I do not in the least care whether we call this (following the example of the Eleventh Amendment to the National Constitution) a direction by the people as to how in a given case the Constitution shall be construed, or whether we call it a decision by the people to make an exception of this given law to the general question of constitutional interpretation. My only care is to get justice in cases such as those given above. The ordinary methods of constitutional amendment have proved ineffective; and indeed they are dangerous, because they necessarily refer to large and undefined classes of cases. We wish action dealing directly and solely with the law which has been nullified or declared unconstitutional.

THE PROPER GUIDES

SO FAR from being hostile to the courts, I hold the courts in greater reverence than any other governmental bodies. I believe the average judge to be a better public servant than the average legislator or executive. Decisions like those of Judge Haight in the Knisley case, like those of Judge Laughlin in the recent case of Bonnette vs. Molloy, show how much can be done by judges who are not only morally but mentally, and in point of alertness and sympathy and general understanding, of the right stamp. The sweeping changes recently made in the rules of practice by the Supreme Court of the United States, with a view to expediting litigated business and rendering it less expensive, illustrate the same point. The opinion rendered by Judge Cullen to which I have before referred is another illustration. All this shows a progressive spirit in the courts. But more is needed. It is not enough that some judges should cease to countenance and should frown upon flagrant miscarriage of justice. Our contention is that the doctrines upon which the obnoxious court decisions are based are thoroughly iniquitous, and that they do not offer subjects for the decision of lawyers at all, but should be settled by constructive statesmanship, based on study of and experience with the actual conditions of the problems to be solved. Neither lawyer nor judge has any special fitness for dealing with these problems as a lawyer or judge; and a corporation lawyer or corporation judge is usually peculiarly unfit to deal with them. The advice of students of social and economic conditions is far safer to follow in these matters. In other words, they are matters which the people should decide for themselves; and their decision should be binding upon the courts just as upon the Legislatures.

I know that there are many judges, and these of the highest stamp, who sympathize absolutely with the

stand of the Progressive party for social and industrial justice. I know that there are many lawyers of high standing who feel that the great and honorable profession of the bar is misrepresented by those eminent corporation lawyers whose devotion to the interests of their corporate class blinds them to the welfare of the people. Justice Franklin C. Hoyt, who has rendered such service on the bench, and especially in the Children's Court of New York, not long ago expressed himself in an open letter as in heartiest sympathy with the principles of the Progressive party, and continued as follows:

Three thousand years ago it was written: "Where there is no vision the people perish." To-day we too are in sore need of a vision which will let us look beyond the sordid, petty interests of the moment, and which will inspire and direct us toward a larger understanding of the course we should follow in order to protect and insure the future welfare of our country.

If the principles of representative government, to which the vast majority of true Americans must subscribe, are to endure, they should continue at all times to reflect the higher aspirations of our nation. To remain unresponsive to the plea for the attainment of such ideals, to deny the need of improving certain conditions in our social and political life, and to stifle the opportunity for the intelligent discussion and trial of practical reforms, will rapidly weaken popular respect for our institutions and eventually invite the substitution of some sinister form of mob rule in place of a government of law and order.

Those of us who believe in true conservatism should be the first to insist that such conservatism should be progressive. A conservatism which stands still and which shrinks, afraid at the call for progress, can hardly continue as a vital, living force among our people. Those who misuse the name of conservatism to provide themselves with an excuse for withholding from the people the freer opportunity of expressing their deliberate convictions are in reality its most dangerous enemies.

To conserve the best interests of the country we may often believe it necessary to combat certain radical suggestions, but that does not mean that we should close our eyes to the necessity for the amelioration of social and political conditions, or deny the existence of just causes for complaint. Conservatism will succeed only when it offers a sounder and wiser solution for each of these problems than that proposed by the exponents of radicalism.

For example, take the recall of the judges. Personally, it does not recommend itself to me as the most efficient way of getting rid of the incompetent judge or as the most thorough method of remedying judicial abuses. But I would rather see the recall established in every



State in the Union than that the judges should set their faces against the insistent need for improvement in judicial methods and procedure, or that they should prove themselves to be out of sympathy with the trend of modern progress.

There would be little need of the campaign for justice in the courts upon which we Progressives have entered were a majority of our judges as alive to the needs of the situation as is Judge Hoyt. But as conditions actually are we must insist on clear recognition of the fact that the people themselves, and not the judges, are entitled to decide as to the policy to be followed by the Government in all constitutional matters of the kind involved in the decisions of the four cases on which I have here commented.

There is not much use in pointing out an abuse unless one can point out a remedy. Just as long as we permit well-meaning men who are on the bench to believe that they and not the people as a whole are to fix the standard of social and industrial justice, just so long these abuses will constantly occur. They can be stopped only by practically acknowledging in our constitutions the right of the people to determine the character of their own constitutional system. It is idle, and, worse than that, it is usually insincere, to profess adherence to certain proposed reforms unless we definitely determine not only that the laws to accomplish the reform shall be passed, but that, when passed, if they are taken off the statute books by any court, on the theory that the people had not clothed the Legislature with authority to exact them, they shall be promptly restored if the people so desire.

To save all possible chance of misconstruction, let me point out the following facts:

(1) As regards the proposition now before us (affecting State legislation and State legislation only), remember that I am not discussing the Federal Constitution. The power of the Supreme Court of the nation over State legislation will be entirely unaffected by anything that I propose in reference to action by the people of the State. The undoubted need to give the people more direct power over their national Constitution is a different question, which I am not at the moment discussing.

(2) I am not discussing ordinary judicial decisions. The judicial function of the judge, properly so called, will remain absolutely unaffected by anything I have to propose.

(3) I am dealing only with that class of constitutional questions affecting the power of the Legislature to enact laws to secure social and industrial justice usually under the police provision or general-welfare clause of the Constitution, with respect to which the sovereign power remains with the people except in so far as they have delegated it to the Legislature.

(4) I am not advocating hasty and ill-considered action. The details for carrying out my proposal may differ in the different States. But in any event the people would have the same full opportunity to consider their proposed action that they have now to consider their proposed action when that action takes the form of electing a President or adopting a new Constitution.

With these possible grounds for misapprehension removed, let me state the position of the Progressives. In substance, it is that when a law affecting the social or industrial conditions of the community is set aside by the court as in violation of the constitution of the State, the measure shall be submitted *ipso facto* to the people at the next election, just as a constitutional amendment is now submitted. This, in effect, makes the measure a constitutional amendment limited to the specific act decided by the court, and gives the people the power, when the act they desire has been annulled by the court as unconstitutional, to say whether or not it shall, notwithstanding such decision, become law. Our purpose is to enable the people, without the delay and uncertainty incident to the present cumbersome method of amending the Constitution, to determine for themselves by direct vote whether they wish a given statute made law. Therefore, in order that every possible objection on the score of constitutionality may be eliminated (and to remove the fears of those who dread that the "independence" of the judiciary would be affected by having any of their decisions directly "reviewed" by popular vote save by constitutional amendment), the several State constitutions should be so amended

as to provide that, by a direct vote of the people in favor of having the annulled statute become a law, the Constitution shall be deemed expanded to authorize it, and the statute shall take effect upon the certification of the canvass of the votes.

I trust that in every State of this Union where there are Progressive members of the Legislature, a constitutional amendment embodying this provision will be pressed.

An eminent judge of one of our most eminent State courts, Judge Frank C. Laughlin of New York, has suggested the following as the proper form for the proposed amendment:

Whenever the highest court of the State shall declare an act of the Legislature, affecting either social or industrial conditions, to be void on the ground that authority to enact it had not been delegated by the people to the Legislature, the question shall be submitted to a vote of the electors at the next annual election thereafter, unless the Legislature shall provide for its submission at an earlier date, as follows: "Shall Chapter (describing it by the number of the



—and it is not the right of a small number of well-meaning men belonging to one particular class to override that decision"

chapter and the year or date of its enactment) become a law?" and if the majority of the votes cast for and against the proposition shall be in the affirmative, it shall take effect ten days after the completion and certification of the official canvass of the votes, the same, excepting with respect to the time it takes effect, as if its enactment had been authorized by the Constitution, which shall be deemed amended so as to authorize it, and it shall be subject to amendment and repeal the same as other laws.

My purpose throughout this discussion has been to arouse the people to the need of an efficient remedy for what has become not merely a dangerous but an intolerable abuse. I care nothing for the form, and less than nothing for the name, of the remedy, provided that it does in actual fact remedy the abuse.

Several score State judges and eight Federal judges have written to me expressing their cordial agreement with the principle of the Progressive proposal in this matter, provided that the State constitutions be amended in some such manner as that above outlined. In fact, it may be accepted as clear that unless a judge does so accept the principle of the Progressive proposal, he demonstrates his own unfitness to decide as court of last resort any constitutional question, for he thereby shows that he wholly misunderstands the relation of himself and of the people to the Constitution which the people made and which they have the right to alter or unmake. Judges fit to decide constitutional questions clearly understand this matter. Such judges are at least as high-minded and independent as, and are always wiser and more farsighted than, their brethren who fail to see that our national administration of law must also be made an administration of justice; and such judges neither need nor receive the kind of championship contained in the appeal of the embattled attorneys of privilege which I have herein discussed.

The subject was dealt with at length in the Progressive platform. One State, Colorado, has just put such a provision in its Constitution by popular vote. Among the various judges and lawyers who heartily advocate the Progressive proposal in this matter are men like Judge Frank C. Laughlin of the New York Supreme Court, Judge Albert D. Norton of the St. Louis Court of Appeals, Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver, Dean Kirchwey of Columbia University, Mr. Milton D. Purdy, Mr. Bourke Cockran, Dean Alden of the Buffalo Law School, and Dean Lewis of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, who is at present at work framing a form of constitutional amendment to put the proposal into effect. [Published by arrangement with the Outlook Company.]



"It is the right of the people to decide what the standard of social and industrial injustice shall be



Fallières Tips His Hat and Retires; Poincaré Beside Him

Raymond Poincaré, who on February 18 will take office as President of France, won the place in spite of his own reluctance to become a candidate. That Mme. Poincaré is of Italian birth was a campaign argument used against him, and an attempt to revive the Dreyfus case added to the confusion of genuine issues



Training for His Cross-Examination

William Rockefeller, whose testimony on the existence of a "money trust" for weeks was sought by the Pujo Congressional Committee, at last decided to humor the Government and defy his own physicians. Dr. Lamont swore that excitement might kill the patient. Mr. Rockefeller is here shown fortifying himself by an outing at Palm Beach, pending summons



An Aged Suffragist's Day of Victory

Like another Declaration of Independence, the proclamation which gives official recognition to woman suffrage in Oregon is a handwritten document. Mrs. Abigail Scott Dunway had just finished inscribing it when the photographer snapped this picture. Mrs. Dunway is seventy-nine and has been active in the fight for suffrage for forty-one years. Governor Oswald West stands waiting to sign the proclamation and forward it to be signed and sealed by Oregon's Secretary of State





The Ohio River Floods Kentucky Homes

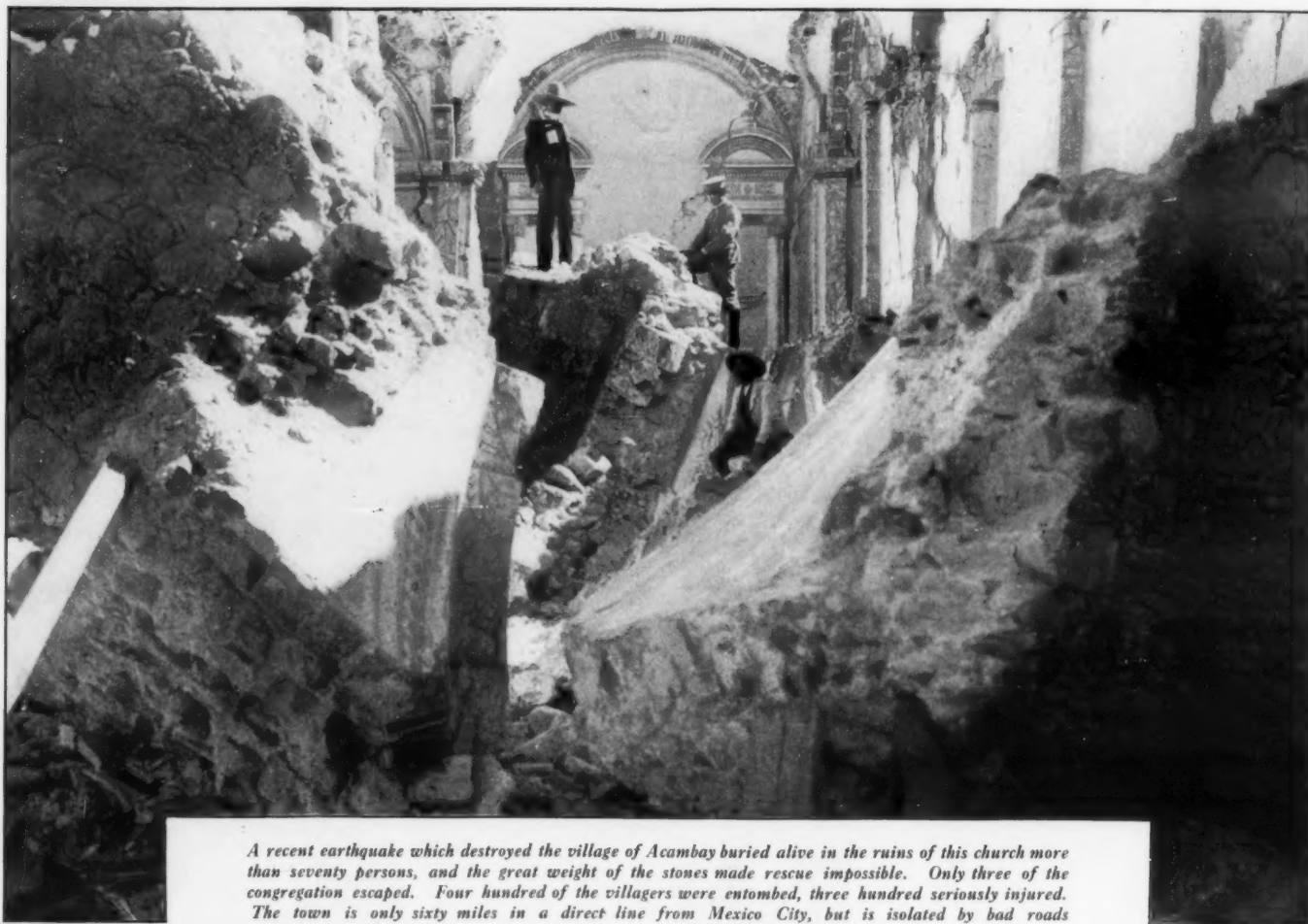
Cincinnati and the two cities across the river from it have been chief sufferers in the recent Ohio Valley floods. In Covington, where this photograph was taken, and in Newport, more than three thousand Kentuckians were driven from their homes or forced to move their goods into second-story rooms. Railway tracks into the Central Union Depot, Cincinnati, were temporarily abandoned, and the service of the larger river steamships was suspended. Little actual hardships resulted, because Cincinnati's relief service for the flood's victims was well financed, prompt, and efficient



The Ship That Shelved Herself

In surf boats, eight hundred and eighty passengers were rescued from the liner Uranium, after she rammed into the rocks near Chebucto Head Lighthouse, nine miles below Halifax. Through a piece of luck that seems particularly remarkable in this season of serious marine disasters, the vessel eased herself on a shelf of granite—said to be the only shoal approach for miles along that part of the coast. Had she struck a few yards away, either to the north or to the south, the smash of the bow against a sheer wall of stone probably would have sent the boat to the bottom

Earthquakes and Hot Lead in Mexico



A recent earthquake which destroyed the village of Acambay buried alive in the ruins of this church more than seventy persons, and the great weight of the stones made rescue impossible. Only three of the congregation escaped. Four hundred of the villagers were entombed, three hundred seriously injured. The town is only sixty miles in a direct line from Mexico City, but is isolated by bad roads

An effective way of checking a revolutionist's flight—a Mexican trooper puts a bullet into the horse. In the prolonged warfare between Zapatists and Federalists the inland towns have suffered most, for there the Government's patrol is ineffective. The correspondent who sends this photograph, taken near Tecapiscala, blames the revolutionists for countless interruptions of railway traffic, and pillage and arson





FURS

By WILLIAM MARCUS MACMAHON

LAST spring I purchased from a downright bargain clothing emporium an overcoat for my own use, fur lined and boasting a pelt-covered collar. Its style, the clerk announced, was Not Only Swell But Nobby And Nifty.

This was one of those enterprising stores which indulge in a feverish Closing Out And Leaving The Business Sale on the first of each month. I used to wonder that it didn't have a Fire Auction Fifty Off On The Dollar. Six weeks or so ago I discovered the negative reason.

The capable proprietor had been conserving his energies for something worth while. It was a three-alarm affair. When the building becomes completely renovated it is to be occupied by a dealer in asbestos curtains.

The particular garment that enchained my covetous gaze was entitled Real Muskrat, Genuine Persian Lamb Collar, Broadcloth Shell. From the previous September until February it bore the convincing price tag of \$97.50. Marked Down From \$225.

In March the quotation had dropped to \$75. By the middle of April it was \$40. At the end of the month I rushed into the store and bought the overcoat for \$27.50, in a semipanic that it incontinently might be given away to some unworthy nonadmirer.

May came and went without a blizzard. So did June and July. By the middle of August I had despaired of flaunting my outer appareled opulence for several months to follow. It was well.

Last November there came a morning almost cold enough to warrant the dropping of ice-cream soda from the breakfast bill of fare. I wore the bargain coat.

That Persian lamb would have grown to be the black sheep of the flock. His color came off on my linen collar almost unanimously.

Later in the day rain fell, and I noticed that my business associates pointedly edged away from me. Having caught a sudden cold in the head from being too warmly clad, I could not understand this ostracism.

When I reached home that night I spread the dripping garment over a kitchen chair. In a little while my wife rushed down from upstairs.

"Something burning!" she announced wildly. Nothing was.

"Then I left the Camembert uncovered!" she confessed, shamefacedly. She had not.

FINALLY the little lady inquired with great timidity: "Dearie, can it be your new coat?" It could and it was. "The shell has a funny smell!" she informed me. Sniff! Sniff!

"But the collar has a stronger odor, and (One sniff was enough for her now) the lining— Ugh! Please, please, take it out of here, Precious!"

I took my bargain into the garage to dry overnight. In the morning when I went for it our house cat was there. He sat staring at a bit of the fur lining, a rigid, crouched figure turned to stone by despair.

"Well, Tom," I inquired pleasantly, "did you never see Real Muskrat before?"

Without a word he glanced reproachfully at me, left the garage, and, with a farewell glance toward the kitchen door, disappeared through the hedge. He has not returned to this day.

My wife and I puzzled a long time over Tom's unaccountable desertion of a comfortable home. I am now glad that we did not keep a watchdog, because he too might have left us.

My new friend, the Furrier, recently told me why. "What is the value of a muskrat skin?" I demanded. "Tanned prime fall catch, 85 cents wholesale; springs, \$1. What's it to you?"

"Oh, nothing much! Only I've a Not Only Swell But Nobby And Nifty overcoat with fifty-six of 'em in the lining. I paid but \$27.50 for the entire thing, so I'm about twenty-five or thirty dollars ahead." "Lemme see the garment."

I DISPLAYED it proudly, having forgotten for the moment that painful episode when my wife did not have a cold in the head.

"House Cat skins!" said the expert grimly; "ten cents apiece undyed." No wonder Tom left home.

"And the collar?" I gasped.

"Domestic dog, acid curled and colored with lamp-black. Worth fifty cents, finished."

"Ah, but the shell?" I groaned.

"Graveyard Thibet, and very low grade at that; thirty cents a yard. I can duplicate this garment for \$10 and make enough on it to buy me a good box of cigars. (Thanks! I'll take an extra one for after dinner!)" Now, all you need to make this coat as useful as a regular one is to eat garlic to disguise it, and carry a damp sponge to keep a celluloid collar clean!

Then and there I vowed to agitate for a Pure Fur Law, patterned after good old Doc Wiley's nondebasement food regulations.

Upon investigation, my wife's Ermine neck piece proves to be rabbit skins, worth a cent apiece, raw. It should have been an Easter gift instead of a Yuletide offering!

Our small daughter's Iceland Fox muff is sheep pelt, selling for \$1.25, untanned. They cost me, respectively, \$25 and \$20.

Oh, well, I saved seventy simoleons by refraining from buying a Not Only Swell But Nobby And Nifty garment between that preceding September and February.

Our ash man was overjoyed to receive the coat as a Christmas gift.

I have reason to believe that he is consuming more garlic than usual.

He cannot see the back of his neck.

HERE follow the January, 1913, prices paid to trappers for large, prime, raw skins; small pelts usually are fifty per cent cheaper:

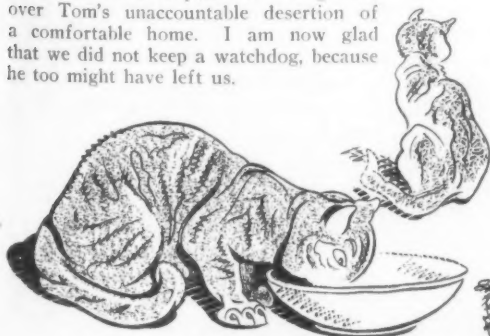
Badger, Northern.....	\$ 3.00
Badger, Southern.....	1.50
Bear, Black and Brown, Northern.....	25.00
Bear, Black and Brown, Southern.....	15.00
Beaver.....	10.00
Cat, Civet.....	.70
Cat, House, black.....	.30
Cat, House, colors.....	.10
Cat, Wild, Northern.....	4.00
Cat, Wild, Southern.....	.75
Fox, Blue, Far North.....	30.00
Fox, Cross, all sections, dark.....	25.00
Fox, Cross, all sections, pale.....	12.00
Fox, Gray.....	2.00
Fox, Red, Northern.....	10.00
Fox, Red, Southern.....	4.75
Fox, Silver, according to beauty.....	\$500 to 2,000.00
Fox, White, Far North.....	15.00

Fox, Black, one sold in December for.....	\$3,000.00
Lynx.....	25.00
Marten, Alaska, dark.....	20.00
Marten, Alaska, pale.....	10.00
Muskrat, New York and Northern.....	.55
Muskrat, Southern.....	.45
Mink, Northern, dark.....	8.00
Mink, Southern, brown.....	4.50
Opossum.....	.90
Otter, Canadian.....	25.00
Otter, Southern, lighter color.....	12.00
Raccoon, Northern.....	4.00
Raccoon, Southern.....	1.75
Raccoon, extra dark colors.....	\$3.00 to 7.00
Skunk, New York and Northern, black.....	4.00
Skunk, white stripe, narrow, broad.....	.75c. to 2.75
Weasels, white, "Ermine".....	1.00
Weasels, gray, stained, etc.....	.5c. to .25
Wolf, Timber.....	4.00
Wolf, Prairie.....	3.50
Wolverine, pale to dark.....	\$8.00 to 11.00
Fisher, Northern, dark.....	30.00
Fisher, Pacific Coast, pale.....	15.00
Rabbits, whole, untorn.....	.01

And here is an illuminating list, showing how certain humble pelts masquerade in the retail market as aristocratic skins:

THE TRUE FUR	and	THE TRADE NAME
American or Hudson Bay Sable.....		Real Russian Sable.
Fitch, Norwegian, dyed.....		Sable.
Goat, dyed.....		Bear, Blue Japanese Wolf.
Hare, dyed.....		Sable or Fox.
Kid, dyed.....		Persian Lamb or Broadtail.
Marmot, dyed.....		Mink, Sable, or Skunk.
Marmot, blended.....		Brazilian Mink.
Mink, dyed.....		Sable.
Muskrat, blended.....		Russian Otter or River Mink.
Muskrat, dyed.....		Sable or Mink.
Muskrat, dyed, and long hairs pulled out.....		Real Seal, Hudson Seal, Electric Seal, Red River Seal, and Aleutian Seal.
Muskrat, natural color.....		River Sable.
Nutria, pulled and dyed.....		Same as Muskrat.
Nutria, pulled, natural color.....		Beaver and Otter.
Opossum, dyed, sheared.....		Beaver, Skunk.
Opossum, Australian, natural.....		Adelaide Chinchilla.
Otter, pulled and dyed.....		Seal.
Dog, Black Manchurian.....		Japanese Lynx.
Dog, domestic, dyed or curled.....		Isabella Fox, Persian Lamb.
Skunk, dyed or solid black natural.....		Black Marten.
Short-haired China Sheep.....		Patagonian Bison.
Seal, Hair.....		Brown Newfoundland Seal.
Ringtail Cat.....		California Mink.
Wallaby, dyed (Kangaroo species).....		Australian Fisher, Sidney Raccoon, Skunk, Koala.
Rabbit, dyed, sheared, machined.....		Sable, French Sable, Seal, Hudson Seal, Electric Seal, Cape Seal, Muskrat, Ermine, Chinchilla, Cat.

White hairs are inserted in dyed Gray or Red Fox skins to simulate the Silver variety; the black tips in imitation Ermine are pieces of dyed rabbit pelt; all blue-dyed furs will fade; the one skin too cheap to imitate is Bre'r Rabbit, all others being counterfeited by the dyeing, shearing, or machining of lesser pelts.



A TYPICAL EXAMPLE

By MARK SULLIVAN

FIRST of all, in answer to many critics, the Kenyon Bill, to prevent the shipment of liquors into prohibition States, is *not* of itself a prohibition measure. It leaves the question, whether or not prohibition is wise, right where it is now; it merely says that when a community decides that it *wants* prohibition, it may have prohibition without interference by the Federal Government. The bill is too long to repeat here; it was concisely and accurately paraphrased by Senator Sanders of Tennessee in these words:

"Be it enacted, That the shipment of intoxicating liquor from one State into any other State by any person, to be received or used in violation of any law of such State, is hereby prohibited."

"SEC. 2. That all intoxicating liquors transported into any State shall, upon arrival within the boundaries of such State and before delivery to the consignee, be subject to the operation of the laws of such State."

Does not this seem fair? As matters stand now, the people of Georgia decide they want prohibition in order to prevent drunkenness among the negroes and the crimes that follow it. The very next day the wholesale liquor dealers in Jacksonville, Fla., just across the State line, get very busy; they appoint agents throughout Georgia. (These agents quite generally consist of two classes: the white Republican politicians, who use their positions to stimulate the negroes to buy whisky, and the agents of the express companies.) Also there arise what are known as mail-order whisky houses. The extent and character of what follows is suggested by this extract from an official report of the Interstate Commerce Commission:

"Figures presented by the Southern Express Company may be made the basis of a fair approximation. Jacksonville, Fla., probably the largest shipping point for liquor in the South, sends out between three and four thousand packages of one or two gallons daily, or a total of about one and one-half million gallons a year. Chattanooga ships about 786,000 gallons; Richmond, 546,720 gallons."

"The movement is much more active in the South than in other sections of the country, partly because of the extent of the prohibition territory in that section, partly because of the large quantities of very cheap whisky manufactured and shipped there for the consumption of the negro population. While it is not the function of this commission to be influenced in its conclusions by the moral aspect of the question, it is impossible not to recognize in this traffic one of the important factors in the race problem of the South—the evil spirit back of that problem in more ways than one."

As it is now, no person in Tennessee can lawfully sell intoxicating liquor in Tennessee, but a person in Kentucky can sell in Tennessee. Senator Sanders expressed the situation in a question: Should a citizen of Kentucky have more rights in Tennessee than a citizen of Tennessee?

Not a Prohibition Law

THIS bill has nothing to do with national prohibition. Everybody knows that prohibition is not a question for national legislation, that it should be dealt with by each community acting according to its own conditions and wishes. This bill merely provides that when a State has so acted, its action shall not be nullified by whisky dealers who act in connection with the

present Federal law. (One mail-order whisky firm's circulars are headed "Uncle Sam Is Our Partner.") Senator Kenyon is the author of the bill; he specifically repudiated any intention to declare any belief even as to whether prohibition is or is not a good thing:

"I am not concerned at all with the question of whether a State in the exercise of its police power might adopt a law prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors. If it does so, it ought to be able to make that law effective. If it adopts the contrary policy, it should be permitted to make that effective."

As Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire expressed it:

"It provides that if a State shall by its laws prohibit the sale of liquor it shall not have its territory invaded by persons outside of the State who are engaged in that traffic."

Twenty Years of Effort

THIS bill, in one form or another, was before Congress for nearly thirty years. Finally one version of it was passed and became a law. The Supreme Court held it unconstitutional. That was in 1890. Again for twenty-three years, in a form to meet the constitutional objection, it has been before the House and Senate. Never once in all that time before the present occasion has it emerged from the Senate committee. Only once in twenty-three years has it emerged from the House committee. Never a day of all that time but the bill would have passed by a vote of three to one if it had ever come to a vote. It was kept from coming to a vote in devious ways: partly by the liquor lobby, partly by the fact that many Congressmen who would refuse to be influenced directly by the liquor lobby are very grateful for the chance to escape voting on the bill. There are few Congressmen but have some saloon votes in their district. They will defy them if they must, but they very much prefer to be saved the necessity; and the committee device has long saved them the necessity.

The Fine Art of Delay

CONSIDER the vicissitudes this bill has had in the Senate alone since the first of the present year. On January 6 Senator Sanders of Tennessee brought it up and asked for unanimous consent that a vote should be taken on it during the legislative day of January 13. Senator Sutherland of Utah objected. Again the next day, Tuesday, January 7, Senator Sanders asked for unanimous consent that the vote be taken between three and six o'clock, January 20. This time it was Senator Warren of Wyoming who objected, backed up by Senator Lodge of Massachusetts. Two days later, on Thursday, January 9, for a third time, Senator Sanders asked for unanimous consent that the bill be considered and voted upon January 20. This time it was Senator Reed of Missouri who objected. Senator Sanders waited one day longer, and again, on January 10, asked for the same unanimous consent, and this time got it. But Senator Smoot of Utah, having observed that nobody else objected, arose after the unanimous consent had been given and stated that he had not been listening, and

that if he had been listening he would have objected. This precipitated a long discussion as to whether a unanimous consent once given can be rescinded. Half the members of the Senate participated in the discussion, and for two days the entire time of the Senate, aside from that given to the impeachment proceedings, was devoted to this parliamentary point. Senator after Senator said that he was "very anxious, of course, to vote for the bill, which is a very meritorious one, but—" Senator Coe I. Crawford of South Dakota said: "I want to assist in passing it, but—" Senator Clarke of Arkansas said: "It is a bill I favor, but—" Senator Lodge of Massachusetts said: "I am in sympathy with the object and purposes of this bill, but—" Senator Smith of Georgia said: "I expect to vote for the Kenyon Bill, and I am willing to give consent that it shall be considered just as soon as possible, but—" Meanwhile, Senator Smoot of Utah stood stubbornly by his position, and because of this one objector the available working time of the Senate for two whole days was wasted. Finally it was decided, for the first time in the history of the Senate, to revoke a unanimous consent. (It is fair to say that many of the Senators who took this position did so out of a sincere desire to uphold the sacredness of the unanimous-consent rule, and there is much merit in the contention that unanimous consent shall not be considered to have been given if one Senator says he intended to object but wasn't listening.)

Finally Senator Gallinger asked that unanimous consent be given to vote on the bill on February 10. This was done, and so it stands now. The Senate will vote on this bill on February 10 *unless on that date the opponents of it take advantage of some parliamentary device to make for delay.*

In the House

SO MUCH for the situation in the Senate. In the House the bill was introduced over eighteen months ago and was referred to the Judiciary Committee, of which the chairman is Hon. Henry D. Clayton of Alabama. At the time this paragraph was written, it had not yet emerged; but there was belief that, because of recent agitation and the pressure of public opinion on the committee, the bill would be reported during the current week.

The Heart of the Case

SENATOR GALLINGER told the candid truth when he said these words during the debate on Senator Smoot's two-day holdup:

"We need not have any concealment about this matter, Mr. President. It is not intended that a vote shall be taken on this bill in my judgment, and if this unanimous consent agreement is set aside, no vote will be taken on this bill during this Congress."

This bill is now nearer to success than at any time in the twenty-three years. The time is short—purposely made short by the enemies of the bill—but still if enough demonstration of public opinion is made during the coming month this bill will become a law. If it is forced to a vote it will pass overwhelmingly in both Houses.

THE MISTRESS PROBLEM

*Is the Difficulty Really with the Servant?
Here Is Another Point of View*

By SARAH COMSTOCK

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr



FOR the past decade the wail of the mistress has been heard in the land. She can't get help, she mourns; break a girl in, and the ingrate leaves for higher wages. Seek a new one and she looks you over as if you were a prisoner at the bar and she the judge, then demands to know your wages, and, learning, turns on the heel of a smarter boot than you can afford for every day, and murmurs: "Not for mine." Keep in the good graces of the maid who has condescended to share your humble abode, and you do so at the cost of pickled walnuts for her private delectation and the use of your piano every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon for her "instrumental."

This voice of the mourning mistress is heard from coast to coast, and her lament has come to be known nationally as the "Servant Problem." The matron of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia contends that the problem interferes with all of her intellectual life, hampering her club pursuit of advanced theories in Domestic Science. The Kansas farmer's wife groans over a coin-minting harvest which summons an army of hands and nobody but herself to cook for them. The California home maker sighs for the days when the Japanese applied their juggler's skill to the pirouetting of pancakes, and the Chinese their decorative art, as a Los Angeles housekeeper reports, to adorning the fruit cake with "Prepare to Meet Thy God" in pink icing. Now the Orientals are accumulating wealth on the ranches, and the mistress seeks maids who don't exist.

What's the matter with the servants? I sought light, and I felt that nowhere could light better be found than with the large and formidable person who presides over the employment agency. From downtown New York to Harlem I sought her. Uptown, in the regions of modest apartments, she deals in the maid-of-all-work, or houseworker, as the black Pearl or white Tilda is known to the trade. Further down comes the district of smarter apartments on Riverside Drive or upper Broadway; here she often furnishes a waitress to assist the cook. But the headquarters of the employment agent are in the shopping district, where ladies seeking peplum blouses and short-vamp footwear may also seek demure waitresses and emotionless butlers. Here, in the district adjacent to Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, they may equip their town or country houses with a corps of specialized servants.

The large and formidable person is in the rare and privileged position of seeing both sides of a vital question. She plies between the conflicting elements of a national problem as, in ten steps, she moves from a discussion with Mrs. Van Ryndam in the front room to the waiting applicants in the rear room, critically surveys them, then, with a voice like Gabriel's trumpet, summons "Emily!" If there be a solution, it lies within those ten steps.

I BEGAN my visits in the downtown district. Here I called upon a Mrs. Maltbie, an experienced agent who deals with no household employing fewer than two servants. From two up she furnishes to a complete retinue. Her office is typical; the two connecting rooms have separate doors into the hall, the one marked "Applicants," the other "Customers." The latter has a moss-green carpet, willow chairs, and white curtains. The other has a bare floor and rows of plain chairs. Ladies, as they are technically termed, pass in and out at one door, servants at the other. The whole place seems to cry aloud: "Sheep this way, please—goats that."

There was no beating about the bush. "What's at the bottom of the whole Servant Problem?" I asked her.

Thereupon she exploded her bomb. "The Mistress Problem," she replied.

"And what's the matter with the mistresses?" I pursued.

Instead of making a direct reply, Mrs. Maltbie eyed me thoughtfully for a moment, then she said: "I wonder if Annie is here this morning." She rose, went into the other room, and returned with a neat, intelligent-looking girl of the American-born German type.

"It's all right to talk before this lady," Mrs. Maltbie said to the girl.

ANNIE glanced me over questioningly.

"Isn't that an elegant caracal coat she's got on?" Mrs. Maltbie led off. "Let's see, which one gave it to you, Annie?"

"It was Lady-before-last, the one on Madison Avenue," the girl replied.

"You get lots of handsome gifts?" I inquired.

"Yes, a lot." She nodded significantly. "They don't want these things any more and they hand 'em out easy. They think they can make up for a lot o' bad treatment that way, but a caracal coat ain't the same thing as three square meals a day, and I'd like to tell her so."

Another bomb had gone off. I was sitting up and taking notice.

"Stewed fruit and bread and tea ain't enough for supper," Annie continued vindictively.

"But you don't mean—"

"She does mean," said Mrs. Maltbie. "Tell her what you had to eat in that house, Annie. She won't know who the lady is, so it's all right."

"If we got oatmeal for breakfast we was lucky," said Annie.

"Tea and toast, and sometimes oatmeal without milk on it. If we wanted milk we had to go out and buy it out o' our wages."

"Then we had some kind o' cheap meat for dinner, without no juice—don't you believe she'd 'a' et meat like that herself—and one vegetable, and bread and maybe a dry old puddin'. And we'd 'a' thought the skies had fell if we'd ever seen anything but bread and fruit and tea for supper—bread and fruit and tea."

There was a profound pause. "All right, Annie—you may go," Mrs. Maltbie said at last.

At the door Annie fired a parting shot. "There are others," she observed.

"And there really are others?" I asked Mrs. Maltbie.

"It's the One Great Kick," she said slowly, her voice charged with capitals. "Servants don't get enough to eat; often they're half starved; they have to eke out with food bought out of their wages; they come in

"It's the bean that stands waiting silent outside that door that plays the mischief with our business"

here looking run down and anemic; and this trouble's worse, if anything, in the wealthiest families."

A growling servant may fail to prove convincing to our ears, but a woman like Mrs. Maltbie, shrewd and just, dealing with hundreds, thousands, on both sides of the Great Gulf, knows what she's talking about. When she makes these statements in the nature of a summary they become revelation.

"What Annie told you is typical," she said. "The bill of fare she gave you is the average in many of these big houses that set a separate table for the servants. The cook does the marketing, the best she can, out of an allowance that's so small it wouldn't feed a family of kittens properly. And these girls have to do hard manual labor on it. The mistress don't realize—she goes nibbling around at tea rooms and candy stores. Sometimes the servants are fed from what's left from the family table, and that's likely to be scraps."

"There was one customer of mine asked me why she couldn't keep her girls. I thought it over and I decided I'd try the truth on her. So we made an appointment and she came down here one morning. 'Now,' I said, 'you lose your girls as fast as you get them. You said you wanted the truth. Everyone of them comes in here and owns that she's starving.'

"She got as white as your jabot and she nearly screamed. 'It's impossible!' she kept saying. 'I give the cook an allowance to supply the servants' table!'

"Yes, and how far does it go for women that are working like dray horses?" I asked her. 'You ride in your machine and you never work and you drop into afternoons-at-home and keep nibbling. You don't know what it is to be hungry at the end of a day of hard work.'

"Well, for a wonder she listened, and in the end, after she got over being excited, she raised the allowance for the servants' table and she keeps her girls now. But there aren't many ladies I could talk to like that. Wish I could; I'd be curing the chief trouble if I could get the servants decently fed."

IN THE same downtown district I dropped in at Mrs. Wesson's door, the first time in eight years. She sat in solitary state at her oak desk. She has added a score of pounds in the eight years; but hers is not cheerful obesity. When obesity is not cheerful it has the faculty of accentuating mournfulness. Of its own weight it appears to add to the general depression.

"When I was interviewing you years ago on the Nationality of House Servants I never could find you idle a moment," I blundered glibly.

"There's plenty of idle time now," Mrs. Wesson responded with obese impressiveness. There was a world of significance in the "now."

"Plenty of time nowadays," she said, leading me to the door of the servants' room. "Look at that!"



The same old chairs stood in orderly rows as in the days of their prime. But whereas I had ever found them occupied to the full—sometimes Mrs. Wesson used to play to standing room only—there now sat but two figures, oases in the desert of chairs. One oasis was neat and small and perky like the nursemaids who seek romance in Central Park. The other was apparently a raw recruit, fresh from the hazing of Ellis Island and not quite over the scare of it yet.

"You saw me in the days of my prosperity before business had gone down. It's a dyin' business, that's what it is. A few years more and the employment agencies will be shuttin' up their doors and takin' down their signs because there's no servants to furnish." Mrs. Wesson's round face was that of one who watches at a deathbed.

"But there seem to be innumerable agencies."

"There are. When the howl for servants began to go up every woman out of a job started an agency, thinkin' that she could somehow get servants and profit by the demand. But they couldn't, and lots of 'em can barely pay their rent. There ain't any solution to the Servant Problem," she sighed. "Same old story—the girls that come over won't belong to anybody. They'd rather take three to five dollars a week, support their little brothers and sisters out o' that, and end by bein' burned up in a shirt-waist factory, than to have seven or eight a week for spendin' and a good clean home in a swell street. And"—again she took on obese impressiveness—"I don't blame 'em!"

"It's ruinin' our business," she went on. "It's goin' to put an end to home life, because houses can't be run without servants. But I don't blame any girl alive for not lettin' another woman dictate to her how she shall spend every hour of her day."

From the depths of Mrs. Wesson's gloom came food for thought. "Every hour of her day is not supposed to belong to her employer," I reflected. It was with this in mind that I sought Miss Bigelow. She is a person of fashionable appearance, and she holds forth in a stately Fifth Avenue office building. You take an elevator to Miss Bigelow.

"What about this?" I asked her.

MISS BIGELOW tweaked her iron-gray pompadour, settled her waistline with firm, encircling hands, and sniffed: "Yes; the girl gets Thursday afternoon off, don't she? And Sunday afternoon and evening off, don't she? Only this Thursday—just for once, Emma, you won't mind, I know, just this once, because the Professor has so many engagements he can't dine with us any other day—and Sunday, just for once, you wouldn't mind coming back in time to get supper, would you, because we're going up into Jersey in the machine and we'll want an especially good supper for my cousins when we get back." Good Lord! broke forth Miss Bigelow, swaying like a ponderous reed upon the tall and faultless stem of her stays. "When the afternoon off means the afternoon off, and when there's an eight or even a ten hour law to regulate domestic labor, then we won't find the smartest girls standing in line to the next corner waiting for jobs in every factory on the East Side and every department store on Sixth Avenue. Now, they'd rather work in human hair with the vile atmosphere of the hair factory; they'd rather go home in January from laundry work that's soaked them to the spine; because when they get home they can see their beaux, and go out with them, independent of any prying and fussing mistress. Don't these ladies ever remember that they had beaux once, and the right to them? And they let their own daughters have natural pleasures. Where's the difference?"

"But the servants' evenings are free after the dinner work is done," I persisted.

Again Miss Bigelow sniffed and settled her waistline. "Maybe they're free and maybe they're not," she responded. "It's 'Annie, you don't mind looking after the children just to-night while we go to the theatre, do you? I hope the new nursemaid will get here by to-morrow.' Or, 'Annie, after your dishes are done to-night, I wish you'd set all the mousetraps, the mice are getting so bad, and put them all over the house—oh, isn't there any bacon to set them with? Then just run out and get some. And then if you'll cook some liver to have cold for Sultana Scheherazade's breakfast—' Lord! That was the for-sure name of a Persian cat one of my customers had. Annie spent her evenings

preparing the cat's food and giving it medicine when it was sick—the lady was afraid to do it because she might get her hands scratched and spoil them for bridge—and its bed had to be carried around the house to avoid a draft, and after that had gone on a month Annie lost her place because she poisoned the cat."

Miss Bigelow paused with a sense of effect. "I've always held that murder was sometimes justifiable," she said.

WHEN I talked with Miss Greenway I spoke of the time regulation.

"Everyone of us knows that's what domestic labor needs," she said. "When there's a law that holds down thoughtless ladies just like the factory laws hold down



"Stewed fruit and bread and tea ain't enough for supper," Annie continued vindictively

greedy factory employers, then cooking and waiting on table will be as good as any job that a girl can get—work till she's through, then quit and go home."

"But the going home is a fresh problem," I interrupted. "Many of these girls live in tenements of a low order, and it's a degrading life they return to—and the mistress doesn't want germs—and other annoyances—brought back to her dainty home."

"That's where my theory comes in," said Miss Greenway. She is smaller than most of these persons, less formidable, and her motherly eye houses a cheery twinkle which fondled the thought of the pet theory. "If I had the money I'd take a couple of old residences to-day, turn them into a cozy little hotel for domestics, give them a reading room and cards and now and then a dance, and they'd be living as independent a life as any other worker. There's a Trowmart Inn—and a raft more of 'em—for the shop and factory and office girl. But if anybody thinks about the servant it's to say: 'Oh, she has to stay on the job all the time.' Why does she, I'd like to know? Because the average lady don't let her quit when her day's work is done."

I felt that the poor employer deserved a word of defense. "I have lots of friends who are most considerate, and who find their maids impertinent in demands," I felt called upon to say.

"There's a lot of kind ladies—that's right," Miss Greenway conceded. You will by this time have grasped the fact that "lady" is a class name for the employer, among these agents, and bears no descriptive allusion to birth, breeding, or temperament. "And a lot of trashy girls. But it's the inconsiderate ladies that give service the black eye, so that most of the working girls stay out of it altogether, and those that go into it are made impertinent and unappreciative because they get so much mean treatment that it brings out all their own meanness. They've got hearts, after all, the most of these girls; it's wonderful what a little appeal to the human side of them will do."

WHENEVER I asked these agents directly if their sympathies were not stronger on the servants' side, I always failed to get a decided "Yes." They will begin to hedge at once and tell you that there is fault with both, and put forth other delicate evasions. And all the time you're finding that their talk bends to the same side, the servants' side, and when you call their attention to this they are immediately on their guard. That's why I'm not telling their real names; their business is poor these days, whether they own to it as frankly as Mrs.

Wesson or not, and I don't want to get them into any more trouble than they have now.

"I don't know which is cart and which is horse," Mrs. Edmundson said, after she had answered the telephone with: "Not a butler-waitress on hand to-day. Sorry. Yes. I'll let you know. Good-by."

"Hm!" she said as she hung up, but with no further comment just then.

"There's two facts in American life we've got to face," she went on. "One is, that servants are fewer all the time. The other is, that the American woman is getting less domestic all the time. Now these two facts are kinda linked together, you might say; but, as I told you, I can't make out which pulls which."

"Sometimes I think it's the lack of servants that's driving our ladies to break up housekeeping and take to apartment hotel life and travel. Other times I say it's because the ladies travel, and camp in a hotel for the winter, and pay no attention to their house-keeping, that the servants are quitting and taking to other kinds of work. It makes it hard on a girl to just get fixed in a place for the winter and then have the lady suddenly announce she's going to Palm Beach."

"How about the summer life?"

"A longer season each year in the country, and often it's spent in a hotel or motoring, which throws the girl out of a job. Anyhow, whichever way it started, it's a fact that there's less home life and more restlessness all the time."

The bearing of this familiar fact upon the Servant Problem is to be reckoned with. "But in the case of families who run their own houses in the country—what do you find?" I queried.

"In the spring the girl's keen on going, while the idea's fresh," Mrs. Edmundson said. "But if she's left a beau in the city—and she usually has—she's ready to throw up a good place by July and come back to sizzle and get ptomaines from ice-cream cones and blister her feet doing Coney."

"But can't she find gayety in the country?"

"Sometimes. When she does, it works all right. The prize package to a girl is an army post. That's the one spot on earth where we can't get jobs enough for the girls that want them. They're running for the posts with their sashes standing out behind and their recommendations waving under your nose. You see, the ladies in the army life are generally a good-tempered sort; and then there's all the soldiers. There's a dance for the men every week, and of course that means that every girl working at the post gets invited, for girls are at a premium."

AGAIN the telephone rang. "No, really, I can't do a thing for you," Mrs. Edmundson reiterated with increasing firmness.

"Same lady again," she said to me. For a moment discretion puckered her lips. Then she out with it.

"I might as well tell you who she is," she said, and she uttered a name to conjure with—the name of a woman known not only to New York but to the whole country, in connection with strong, sympathetic movements to defend the working girl, to better her wages, her general condition, to extend a helping and sisterly hand to her on the briery path she has to tread.

"And there isn't a servant can live with her," Mrs. Edmundson said. "Sometimes she'll phone in here every twenty-four hours for a week, wanting a new girl each time. I can't keep up the pace."

"She is high-strung, I suppose."

Discretion again puckered Mrs. Edmundson's lips. "Well—I suppose you'd call it high-strung." She paused. "Plain devil-of-a-temper comes closer to it to my mind—and when she's mad, her ideas on the helping-hand-to-the-working-girl don't apply to her own servants. But there's plenty more of that kind. You see, a lot of society and going all the time gets on the nerves, and—well, there's plenty might be said along these lines." The lips puckered again, and finally.

I had never realized the psychological study that each one of us is to the employment agent until Mrs. Crowell revealed her secret to me. She is in Harlem; an enormous blue and white sign—"SERVANTS"—from the window seemed to differentiate her from the lady of the retiring doorplate on Fifth Avenue as the gold tooth differentiates one dentist from another; yet, for all that, I found that she deals in subtleties.

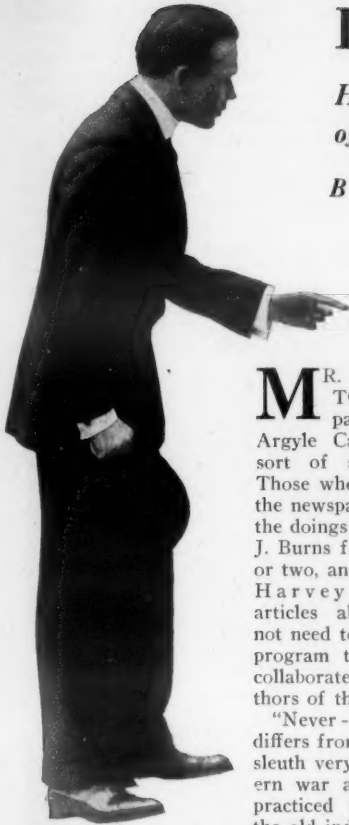
"It's the blending of temperaments that's our secret,"

(Continued on page 30)

DETECTIVE BURNS DRAMATIZED

His Methods of Uncovering Crime Made the Basis of a Lively Melodrama

By ARTHUR RUHL



The detective in "The Argyle Case" and the woman suspect. The latter has just been lured to his office through a "plant," and the detective is maneuvering to get her finger prints

MR. ASCHE KAYTON, the principal figure in "The Argyle Case," is a new sort of stage detective. Those who have followed the newspaper accounts of the doings of Mr. William J. Burns for the past year or two, and especially Mr. Harvey J. O'Higgins's articles about him, will not need to be told by the program that Mr. Burns collaborated with the authors of the play.

"Never-Sleep" Kayton differs from the old-school sleuth very much as modern war as the Japanese practiced it differs from the old individualistic battle-ax kind. No false whiskers and green goggles for Mr. Kayton. He looks like any other brisk New York business man—with a downtown office, stenographers, telephones, push buttons, card indexes, and correspondents everywhere. He is more like a city editor than like Sherlock Holmes.

We see Kayton and his men working on a murder mystery in the play. The police have found out nothing, but Kayton finds, when he examines the room in which the aged Mr. Argyle was murdered, a very cleverly made counterfeit \$100 bill tucked away in an envelope as if it had been about to be mailed, and on the edge of the table, opposite the spot where the body was found, a woman's finger prints. She was gripping the polished table edge at the moment of the murder.

The audience watches with bated breath while Kayton's assistant dusts these finger prints with white powder, and having thus brought the threadlike lines out clearly, snapshots them with a tiny folding camera. They watch with still more interest, in the next scene, when Kayton himself, having lured the woman suspect to his office, gets her finger prints before she knows what's happening. She is about to sign a paper, and he, handing her the pen, contrives to spill ink on her

hand. Apologetically grabbing a blotter he presses her fingers against it. The blotter is tossed carelessly into the wastebasket, whence, a moment later, it is rescued. There is some deft hocus-pocus with a brush and a black liquid, and there, dripping in the glare of the footlights, are the finger prints—the finger prints.

That marvelously sensitive instrument, the dictagraph, is revealed in action in the third act, and we see the counterfeiter's den in South Washington Square, and, on the opposite side of the partition, Kayton's operatives, with receivers strapped to their ears, lazily puffing cigarettes, as they take down a stenographic report of every word the counterfeiters say.

Good "inside stuff" this—breathless, knowing, new, and calculated to keep the fascinated audience continuously keyed up to concert pitch. Another characteristic device of the Burns school of crime detection, as everyone knows who has followed Mr. O'Higgins's interesting articles and stories illustrating it, is the "plant"—a seemingly innocent train of events through which the suspect is led to convict himself, so to speak. Given

certain clues, the detective arranges a trap which the criminal, by following his usual habits, will probably fall into. In "The Argyle Case," for instance, Kayton learned that the mother of Mr. Argyle's ward, supposed to have died years ago in San Francisco, had served a term in San Quentin prison instead. On the chance that she may know something of the murder he inserts a "personal" in a New York newspaper under her initials, intimating that if she come to his office she may hear of something to her advantage in connection with Mr. Argyle's will. Sure enough, the woman, who was in New York in fact, appears—the instinct to get the money was too strong to resist—and through the interesting set of circumstances thus set in motion Kayton connects her with the counterfeiters, whose handiwork he had found

(Continued on page 29)



Just before the capture in "The Conspiracy." The eccentric old writer of detective stories is trying to hold the three conspirators until the police give the signal that they are ready to make the raid

The WHITE BEAD

By EDWIN BALMER

Illustrated by C. B. Falls

BETWEEN the coast and safety—if the Americans in flight gained the sea in time to catch the cruiser sent down to take off refugees—lay but a single spur of the Sierra Madres. North and south the mountains of this spur lay, with the shining gold and silver sanded stream of the Oxaclt dashing down the gorge.

They were seven Americans whom the sudden spread of the Mexican insurrection had surprised at the Gifford Hacienda on the rich coffee-bearing, cattle-grazing plateau at the headsprings of the Oxaclt. Politically, commercially, or socially, each member of the party was of importance in the States north of the border—of such importance that for more than a week American papers had been running columns of speculation each morning as to the party's safety. Influential journals clamored openly for intervention, if any of the party were killed, proclaiming that it would be proof that the Mexican Government was without power to protect foreigners.

However, the party was still intact after the fourth day of its flight, and had halted toward evening before the northern defile into the final valley. There was short, stubborn, gray Ogden Gifford, still as scornful of personal danger as when, to humor his guests, he had set out for the coast; his gentle little wife, still striving to share his scorn; his guests, white-haired Stanley Davison, still carefully cheerful, and his frail, beautiful wife; their youngest daughter Alice, just twenty-four, blue-eyed, dark-haired, straight-nosed, lithe, alert, yet without encounter with real fear. Because she was there young Kirk Prentiss, the tall, fair-haired, hatless man sitting easily in the Mexican saddle on the roan horse on her right, was there; and halted upon her left was Jim Reilly, older than Kirk in his weariness, heavier, awkward in his high-horned saddle.

NUMERICALLY, four others were to be counted in the party—Mexican Federal troopers—but as the horses stopped before turning to defile into the valley ahead, Alice did not even look to the escort to reconnoiter. She reached for Prentiss's bridle as he dismounted. Reilly also immediately got down.

The girl contrasted the two as they walked ahead on the trail together. In the secure, park-paved country place upon the shore of the lake north of Chicago, where the three lived, she had been brought up to believe that since the two had graduated in the same class from college, eight years before, Jim had made himself the more worthy. Kirk, swinging and buoyant as he walked up the rough trail, was supposed largely to have wasted those years in achievement that had gained him only prize cups, a place in English and American sporting journals, notoriety for nerve throughout two continents. He was trained to respond, without a fraction of a second's conscious thought; to swing a racing motor car back into the road after throwing a tire at a turn; to roll away before the charging ponies were upon him when he was thrown at polo; to right, automatically, a banking monoplane after the engine had burst a cylinder. Jim, lagging and short-breathed, as they climbed the slopes above the trail, had spent his time supposedly far better—eight hours a day at his desk, with squash or rackets occasionally at the University Club in the afternoon in winter—golf or tennis on Saturdays in summer. She understood that at his direction, from his desk in the Loop, trains carried food from farm to city, from city to ship, and spread provisions to all the ports of the world, where other trains, caravans, and burden bearers spread it again. Commercially, she knew, he commanded many thousands of men, but here no one of the Mexicans looked to him instinctively as the leader—no one, even, of the four older people who at home told her he was most to be admired.

The two young men disappeared in the bush above

the trail. Impulsively Alice dismounted and gave her bridle and Kirk's to a Mexican and followed.

As she passed the turn in the trail the roar of falling waters was explained. Directly below the Oxaclt rushed to a precipice and fell over, striking the spray from the big boulders protruding from the shelf of rock. From its basin at the bottom the river widened and went more slowly between broadening, more gentle banks, dotted with adobe huts and crops in cultivation. But behind these plots on both sides of the river the Sierras rose stark, sheer, pathless.

Only directly ahead, where, twenty miles to the south, the valley narrowed into a mountain path again above the gorge, was there a possible way out.

AND the day was fading fast. The shadow of the western range was flung in a sharp, purple line, already high on the flank of the gray mountains on the east side. The west dip of the valley in the shadow was in twilight; the yellow flicker of the evening flame from the little adobe huts in that shadow showed brightly. There was clearly no possibility of passing through the valley before dark.

Alice saw Kirk and Jim, now just ahead, considering this. She saw, as she expected, Jim hesitant, uncertain, nervous, as he glanced fearfully from side to side. Kirk was, as always, confident, at ease, his voice even. He turned, smiling, as she came up.

"We were wondering whether we better ride in," he said, taking upon himself Jim's hesitation, which he himself did not share.

"There is no sign of insurrectos in there," Jim admitted. "But—" he stopped.

"Correal certainly knows where we are," Kirk finished for him, naming the insurrecto leader of the province. "He's either going to keep on seeing that no one touches us, for fear of bringing on intervention, or if his side wants to start trouble over us, Correal can get us here as well as five miles farther on."

"Then let's go as far as we can," Alice decided.

She rode at the head, directly after Kirk, as they defiled into the valley. The four guards came last, with Jim. She dropped back as the road widened, riding beside her mother and father and the Giffords and Jim in turn. When the light was entirely gone, they had reached two little adobe huts, close together, a little above the trail. The inhabitants, cautiously, had fled, leaving their supper cooking. The women chose from the frioles and corn-meal cakes frying to add to their rations from the saddlebags. As they ate, Alice noted Jim's plain relief that—as some one commented—it would be their last supper before reaching the ship. She looked at Kirk and met his eyes. She saw there, rather than relief, a regret over the ending of their adventure which she knew he would not express, for no one could comprehend it but she. There was no opportunity for him to speak to her alone. Immediately after supper the older people, exhausted, prepared to sleep in the larger hut. She was to share the clay floor with them. The other two went to watch and sleep with the Mexicans in the smaller hut.

ALICE lay down beside her mother, but stayed awake. The night remained quiet, the rare, cool air was still. She got up, and in her stocking feet—she had pulled off her boots—she stepped out the doorless doorway.

The flickers from the other little adobes up and down the valley had gone out. Night birds cried now and then. The horses stabled under a shed roof back from the road moved a hoof; sometimes it seemed that in the stillness the sound of the waterfall came from miles away; then it could be recognized as the rush of the river below the road.

The sky—a deep blue lane set with sharply shining

stars—stretched raggedly above the gorge from north to south, the mountain tops defining it on either hand. The summits to the east kept back for a little longer the silver shimmer of the rising moon; but slowly the rays began to top that range and touch the highest rocks of the mountains overhead. Gradually, as the shadow of the sun had crept up the other side of the valley, the moon shimmer dropped lower on this.

Kirk was sitting alone before the smaller hut, on watch. Jim, therefore, was sleeping within to stand sentinel next. The Mexicans, apparently satisfied with the guard which was being kept, had given up all pre-



"Don't torment me. I only told you what they taught me to say. How could I see for myself? I say I only repeated what they said of you"

tense of keeping it themselves. They, without intent of later wakefulness, were asleep within.

Alice came closer. Kirk turned and saw her. She stepped toward him. He looked about, smiled, and came to her. They met in between the two adobes, in the starlight only; the direct light of the moon was still far above. He touched her arm gently with his firm fingers. Her blood warmed and throbbed.

"I came out to be with you," she whispered.

"You make me afraid to have you."

"Afraid?"

He caught her close, but before the strength of his arm broke down her instinctive resistance he released her. She returned to him. "Hold me," she begged. "I did not mean to stop you."

He grasped her wrists, but it was to hold her away.

"I have not spoken to you—I haven't asked you to marry me because it is not fair down here."

"Not fair?"

"You did not care more for me than for him"—he nodded back to the hut where Jim slept—"before we came down here?"

"I did not know myself. This had not happened," she pleaded.

"This? You mean we hadn't come into danger?"

"Yes, into danger."

"I knew that had influenced you," he said. "That was why I knew I must wait."

"To ask me to be your wife? Wait? Why?"

"Because we're going back where those things count most that made you care for him. Might you not do that again?"

"Care more for him than for you after this? Never!"

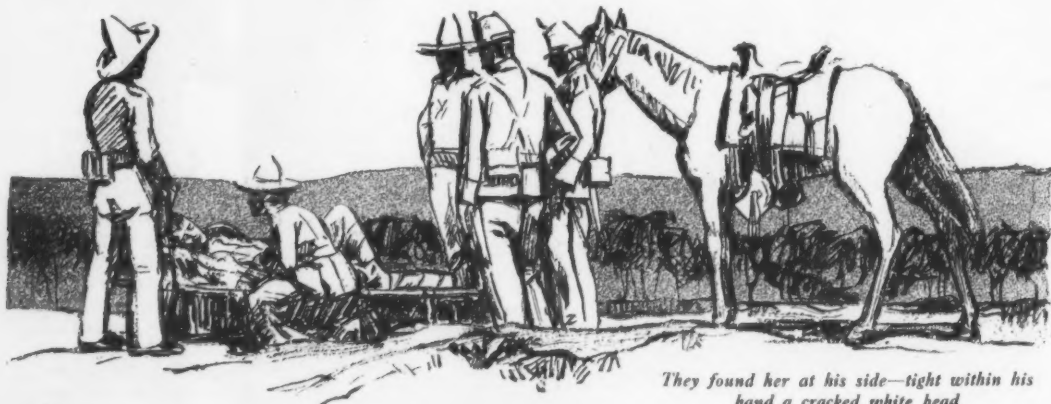
SHE struggled closer to him. He held her sternly.

"You forget. You must remember. I've wasted my life racing speeding motors and aeroplanes which any eighteen-year-old boy can run as well. You told me that—with contempt—how many times?"

"Don't torment me. I only told you what they taught me to say. How could I see for myself? I say I only repeated what they said of you."

"Jim?"

"No, not he himself, but the others for him, who had no more nerve than he. They made me think it was nothing that you liked to take risks, because they didn't have the nerve for it themselves. They pretended that it was something higher to be like Jim, and not dare things for the sake of daring. But, Kirk, I tell you, this has made me know."



They found her at his side—tight within his hand a cracked white bead

"You will forget it when we are all safe again."
 "I'll never be safe anywhere except with you! How could I feel if I married him that he would never be afraid of his life before me? I thought it was nothing that he was afraid to race with you—that he didn't care to go up in your monoplane, but it isn't nothing to be afraid in a place like this. I love you. You can say you love me. You must say it now. You must—"

HIS lips swept the words from hers. He held her crushed against him. Still holding her with one arm, he slipped the other down over her hips and lifted her up. She lay in his arms limp, relaxed, happy, with need no longer to respond even to his kisses.

The moon rays striking down the mountain shone in their faces and suddenly recalled them. He kissed her once more and put her gently down. The moonlight had come down so that it illumined all the trail above the waterfall. The fall itself was a sheet of silver in the light. Lower stretches of the road also were now in view. As their eyes followed it along, descent by descent, a blotch appeared upon the gray dust—a moving blotch, with glints and reflections. And now there came—above the rush of the river—the thud of ridden horses. Nearer and quite steadily it came.

Kirk swept the girl up in his arms and carried her swiftly to her hut.

"Go in. Keep them quiet if any one wakes up." She kissed him in acknowledgment as he put her down.

"I'll send the Mexicans to keep the horses quiet," he said.

She watched him from the doorway as he hurried off. He went into the other hut, and soon the four Mexicans started out and up to their horses. She saw Jim come to the door and stand beside Kirk, then both retreated within.

The horsemen were coming close. No one woke in the hut with Alice. She drew back so far that the moonlight did not reach her, but she was still able to see out the door.

The horsemen rode steadily up and on. They passed so close that their voices were clear as they spoke to each other and the glowing ends of their cigarettes were distinct under their broad hats. They were armed men, with saber and carbine, without uniforms—insurrectos. Perhaps twenty passed. All the command did not pass, however. Back upon the mountain side, above the waterfall, a fire blazed up. Figures moving about it obscured it momentarily.

A SINGLE rider returned from the direction in which the troop had gone. He stopped and dismounted in front of the hut. He was short, almost delicate in figure, with quick, alert movements. He wore for uniform a gentleman's riding suit, with sword and revolver. He took off his hat as he approached the smaller hut, and the moonlight showed good, clearly cut features, with short upper lip, mustached, and an imperial. His bearing was confident, assured. Alice recognized him from the pictures placarding him for an outlaw as Correal, the local revolutionary leader.

He strode directly to the other hut and entered. As discovery was now undoubted, Alice crept outside and down beside the door of the other house. The voices of the men within were indistinct. She made out that all three were in the conversation before she caught the sense of anything said. The revolutionist was doing most of the talking, in uncertain, Spanish-accented English. The words of the other two were interjections, questions, which by themselves told little. Then a sharp sentence—a few distinct words, perhaps more the tone of deprecation of the revolutionist leader—made her know what was being asked. The realization choked her and made her weak. Before she regained herself the conference was over. Correal was done. He was leaving the hut.

She cried to him as he passed her. He turned—suddenly saw her. He swept his hat in a salute and hastily went on. He leaped upon his horse and was gone.

Kirk, coming from the hut, seized her.

"You were here?"

"I saw him come. I came here. I heard what he asked."

Jim, following Kirk, stood beside her in silence, staring at her.

"You shan't accept it," she cried to Kirk.

"Hush!" he cautioned, reminding her by a jerk of his hand of those in the other hut.

He drew her hastily within. Jim followed, still dumb. The four Mexicans who had been sent to keep quiet the horses did not return. They never returned.

"Now how much did you hear?" Kirk demanded.

"Everything."

"Everything?"

"Everything after he said he had orders to attack us to-morrow morning."

"Then you heard—"

"That he offered to shoot one of you for the rest if you dropped back when he fired."

Kirk released her.

"Then you see there is no choice but to do it."

"No, no, not you!" She clung to him.

SHE turned in challenge to Jim. He wet his lips.

"But he—the one who drops back—doesn't take any more upon himself than he's in for anyway," Jim said. "Correal's orders are to shoot down us—the men. Correal said he'd fire the first shot at us himself—high; then, if one dropped back, he'd yell to his men to shoot that one to make sure of him, and the rest of you get away. So the one who drops back doesn't take any more than is coming if he doesn't do it. He merely takes it alone for the rest."

"But Kirk has no more obligation to be that one than you because he offers."

"Alice!" Kirk cried.

"Kirk, I'm not going to say you or he shouldn't take that chance—that certainty, I mean—it's not chance. I heard what Correal said. I saw his men go by. I can see if you don't accept they can murder you both and father and Mr. Gifford besides. And I'm not asking either father or Mr. Gifford to be in the choice with you, but you shall certainly take Jim in with you! You shan't do it yourself, just because you are willing to!"

"Of course not." Jim wet his lips again. "It is mine as much as his." He seemed to force himself on. "You needn't be afraid if I'm drawn; I won't fail, Kirk," he said.

"How shall we draw?" Kirk asked.

Alice looked about the hut swiftly before there could be any change in the plans. A Mexican earth jar with a neck large enough to admit a hand stood on the floor in the moonlight. She pounced upon it and emptied it of the dry meal it contained. Two large Mexican glass bead buttons, sewed on the sleeve of her riding habit, glinted at her. One was black, the other white. Kirk had bought them from a peddler at the hacienda and she had sewed them on. They were identical in size and shape, differing only in color. She tore them off and dropped them into the jar.

"One is black, one white," she recalled to Kirk. "You've no obligation to do it unless you draw the black one." She offered the jar first to him. He hesitated, then, looking at Reilly, took the jar from her.

"Thank you, Alice," he said. "We will draw after you are gone."

"No, here before me. I shan't let you do it unless you're drawn!"

"We will draw," Kirk quieted her.

He led her out, and, obeying him, she went up to the other hut.

THE old people were still asleep on the floor. No one of them stirred as she crept within, but she could not compose herself to lie down. The moon, hung high over the valley, silvering it all with its shimmering light, emphasized the rugged, impassable sheerness of the rocks on both sides—the impossibility of fighting a way out. There was no choice except whether one would be shot down for the others, or all four men together. As she looked down at the old men, sleeping beside their wives, she knew they could not be drawn into the

hazard. Though it was for Kirk's life most of all that moment she cared—his hot, daring spirit which had overwhelmed her half an hour before—she knew she could not wish that he permit these old men to share his chance.

But was he sharing the chance, even with Jim? Why had he sent her away, unless in making pretense of Jim's drawing with him he himself planned to be drawn?

SHE left the hut and started back to the other. Still, suppose they had drawn, and drawn fairly, and Kirk had the black bead. Would she dare to know it? The certainty would be before her then—not the chance—the certainty of his death in the morning.

She watched the other hut and listened for signs to tell her of the fate decided without making her go nearer. She heard two voices, but she could make out no words and nothing from the tones. But finally Kirk came out and sat before the hut. Jim did not appear. Her heart bounded. Kirk would not be keeping the watch if he were drawn. She came forward. Kirk, rising as he saw her, signaled her for silence.

"Hush!" he whispered. "Jim—he's trying to sleep."

"Then you've drawn?" She seized him.

"Yes, we've drawn."

"And it was he—not you—he?"

"Hush!" he warned her again. "He's trying to sleep."

He drew her away from the door, but not before she, glancing in, saw Jim sitting up. That the lot had brought death for that one was lost in the flood of relief that it kept life—life—in this man so newly loved. But fear for him rushed as quickly back. She knew now he had drawn the white bead of safety and he would not tell her. Why? Because he knew Jim might not dare die. The mere drawing of glass beads from a jar could not change their characters, and as she reckoned with this she caught Kirk's hand frantically.

"Kirk, he must go back. You must let him do it. Don't let him think for a moment that you will go back to get their bullets if he doesn't, and he will have to."

Kirk stared away from her.

"Isn't it better for one to go back, even if he isn't drawn, than for four to be shot?"

"Hush!" she stopped him. "He can hear you."

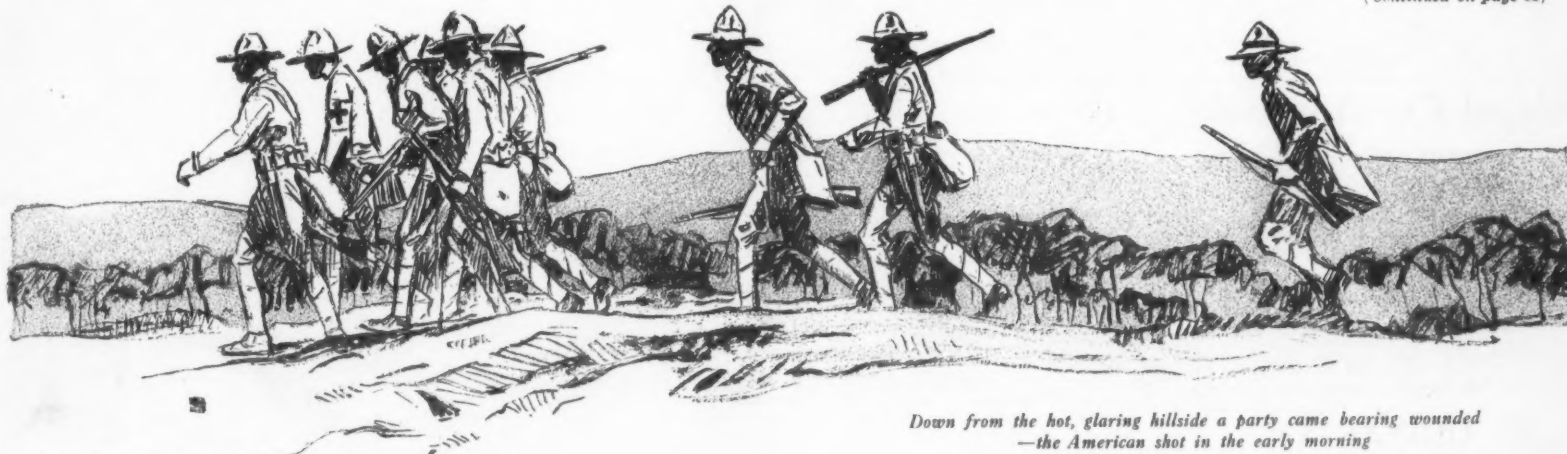
Reilly came to the door, disheveled. "I did hear you," he said quickly. He looked at Kirk. "I won't force you to go back." He stood a moment, looking vacantly up the moonlit valley. He turned back to the others. "It's not midnight yet. But we can go on, can't we, Kirk?" he asked quietly.

Kirk nodded. Jim went into the hut. After an instant Alice started back to wake up the older people. As she turned before she entered their hut, she saw Kirk take something from his pocket and fling it far down the gorge.

THE seven rode silently down the valley. The moon in the cloudless sky lighted all of the trail and made the path safe. Before the shadow of the mountains to the west reached over the gorge, the peaks on the east stood out, gray and distinct, before the pale spread of the dawn, and the road, rising from the river, climbed high up on the flank of the mountain, and turned into the defile out of the valley. Up and up it climbed, until, around the sharp bend, it ceased to ascend, and dropped away gradually, evenly, down to the coast. The way began to widen and descend gentle, smiling, green slopes, brightened further and further ahead, as the sun, striking over the mountain range in the rear, lit field after field, painted a white strip of shore to bound them, and then showed the sea, purple, blue, green, and now glinting, as the breakers, rolling in, caught the rays. And off the shore, an almond-shaped, neutral gray dot, lay a cruiser—the American warship waiting for refugees from the interior.

As they saw it, the seven riders so unconsciously quickened that the women called to each other that the horses had seen the ship and knew they were going toward it. But Alice, as the horses hastened, looked to the brush-covered sides of the mountain, still close

(Continued on page 38)



Down from the hot, glaring hillside a party came bearing wounded—the American shot in the early morning

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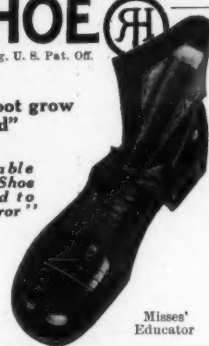
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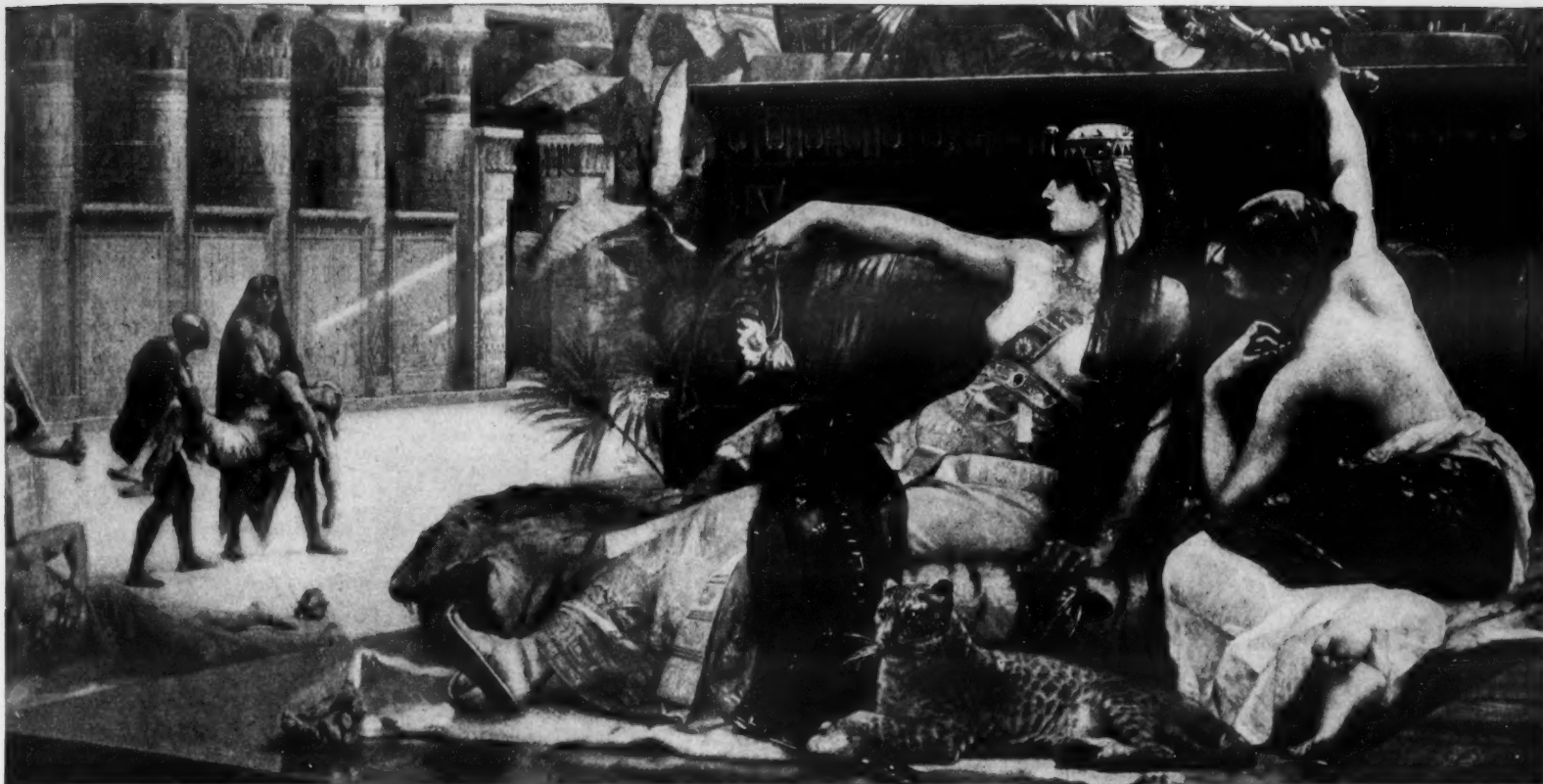
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Brickbats & Bouquets

SAN DIEGO, CAL.
WITH each new issue of your paper I am tempted to write you and say "Shake!"—and then I put it off—and now that it has been put off these many weeks, it will out—and here it is:

Some time back—I believe in November, but have forgotten the exact issue or issues—you had an editorial called, I believe, "Why is a School?" and another upon the speaking of English, and another about the untaught boy—all of which warmed the cockles of my heart. (I am a teacher—and a teacher of English!)

Not to burden you with wearisome panegyrics upon the several similar cases in point, let me tell you that there is so much of good sound Americanism—of the sort that makes one breathe deep and then quick—in your pages, that I wish every teacher in the country might read and know COLLIER'S.

Accept the best wishes of a worker at that "vilest of trades and noblest of professions."

IMOGENE PIERCE.

One COLLIER'S is generally worth two of the others, from the reader's viewpoint—so how estimate?

JACKSON, MISS.

EVRICH & Co.

Pray, Morgantown "Post-Chronicle," what good does it do to have West Virginia maligned in a general way by such a blackguard writer—in our opinion—as this C. P. Connolly, who produces the filth for such a paper as COLLIER'S WEEKLY, that has a nose for West Virginia affairs, but cannot smell the reeking rot of its own city?

—Parkersburg (W. Va.) Journal.

"Direct legislation" has not brought with it the millennium. One of the chief advocates of this reform—COLLIER'S WEEKLY—admits with regret that the "election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people" already is deteriorating that body.

—Denver (Colo.) Times.

To COLLIER'S it is a crime for anyone to defend the protective policy. It resorts to Rooseveltian slander against those who assume a right to their own views on the subject differing from that of COLLIER'S and the Democratic leaders. The "Hawkeye" regrets to see a weekly journal of such strong financial backing as COLLIER'S permitting itself to be a mere distributor of political Billingsgate.

—Burlington (Iowa) Hawkeye.

During the recent campaign in Wyoming the standpat press of the State was loud in its imprecations of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, declaring and repeating that its castigation of Senator Warren was brought about by jealousy and envy, etc. "Warren's power was an eyesore to COLLIER'S," and like declarations could be seen in every issue.

In its issue of the present week COLLIER'S takes up the cases of Senators Chilton and Watson of West Virginia, Democrats, and C. P. Connolly, the author of the article on Warren, treats these two gentlemen with a dose as bitter as the one he handed the dishonored near-statesmen from this State. So it was with Warren. COLLIER'S printed the truth and stood behind every word it said. Not a word of it has been disproved.

—Cheyenne (Wyo.) Leader.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, of the elongated nose for filth, and a brilliant imagination for the truth.

—Parkersburg (W. Va.) Journal.

We suppose COLLIER'S WEEKLY grows heartsick at times in its brave efforts to save the American people from their Government.

—Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

We do not see that COLLIER'S has any serious complaint to make, seeing that it is getting the kind of statesmanship which is naturally developed in times of political revolution.

It is not that intellectual capacity exists in inverse proportion to progressive statesmanship. But the trouble is that papers like COLLIER'S, with all their acumen and ability, treat statesmen and public men as if they could be sorted into two classes, the sheep and the goats. The division is not made altogether along ethical lines. If a public man is not quite ready to tear the tariff to tatters or pronounce imme-

diately and forthwith in favor of the initiative, referendum, and recall, and particularly the recall of judges, the finger of suspicion is at once pointed at him. He must be in the service of Special Privilege and the Interests.

The result is that many very able and conscientious statesmen are retired in favor of men who are intellectually inferior.

—Leadville (Colo.) Herald-Democrat.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, the greatest reform paper in the world, practically charges wholesale bribery in the election of two Democratic United States Senators from West Virginia. Now let this valiant journal do a little investigating of the election of the present Republican Senator from Kentucky, when four renegade Democrats betrayed the party and its nominee. As there were only four in this case, the matter of probable causes behind their perfidy should not be so difficult as in the West Virginia case, wherein COLLIER'S says the corruption was wholesale. Guilt is there, just as certainly as it was in other noted Senatorial scandals this powerful paper has exposed.

—Stanford (Ky.) Interior-Journal.

Salt Lake is filled with sacred cows. In newspaper parlance, a sacred cow is an institution or person concerning whom nothing but good must be printed and concerning whose affairs nothing adverse may be said. To please sacred cows the news of the day is suppressed; editorial opinions are warped; the people are kept in ignorance of the truth. Utah is the most throttled and plunderbund-ravished State in the Union. The "Progressive" urgently recommends that every family in Utah make it a practice to take some fair-minded outside paper or magazine. Among such as we would recommend are COLLIER'S WEEKLY, the Kansas City "Star," the Chicago "Tribune," and the Los Angeles "Tribune." These are newspapers.

—Salt Lake (Utah) Progressive.

Senator Chilton, providing he escapes COLLIER'S and the others on his trail, may have a word to say. And that would complicate matters considerably.

—Morgantown (W. Va.) Chronicle.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY should cast the saw log out of its own optic before it lectures the Kansas editor about the splinter it perceives in his eye. And until it lives up to its own theories of "good faith," it might try the soft pedal on that affectation of superior virtue which is one of the adjuncts of its circulation department, but evidently not of its advertising department.

—Muncie (Ind.) Press.

MT. VERNON, ILL.

I couldn't do without COLLIER'S. I certainly admire the fearless way you are going after dishonesty in politics and in other ways. Such exposes must do much good in clearing the air.

DR. B. B. TATMAN.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY cheerfully predicts that the next West Virginia Legislature will be as bad as any of its predecessors, which is a nice compliment for the four Bills who think they are going to run it.

—Parkersburg (W. Va.) Sentinel.

Whatever shifting opinions COLLIER'S may have betrayed, there is no question that it is very honestly in sympathy with the progressive movement in this country. . . . These two parties were the Democratic and the party that labeled itself Progressive in some States and Republicans in others. Between these two and their progressive claims, COLLIER'S wobbled and, for that matter, so did numerous very good citizens. It wobbled, but it constantly maintained an honest, earnest faith in progressive principles.

—Sacramento (Cal.) Union.

COLLIER'S, having set up progressivism as in itself a standard of idealism in politics, is now sorting the sheep from the goats in the progressive camp.

—Watertown (N. Y.) Standard.

COLLIER'S puts the case of Morgan in concrete, tangible form.

—Elmira (N. Y.) Star-Gazette.

Even so usually accurate and thoughtful an authority as COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

—Dayton (Ohio) Journal.

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Quality counts! The stationery you use conveys a definite impression of your character and individuality. Get whatever appeals most to you in surface and texture, but don't sacrifice quality. You are always safe in buying the Whiting Papers. They have enjoyed an enviable reputation as the standard in fine writing papers for nearly half a century.

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NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO

One of the 20 ways to serve: Shefford Snappy Stuffed Dates

Split dates and remove pits; fill with Shefford "Snappy" Cheese; then close up again; moisten if necessary and roll in crushed Walnut meats. Shefford Snappy Cheese, because of the process, has exceptional food value, and is perfectly digestible. If your grocer doesn't have it, we will ship prepaid for his name (no package charge)—1 dozen for \$1.12.

SHEFFORD SNAPPY CHEESE
TRADE MARK



Beware of Imitations

Shefford Cheese Co. Syracuse, N.Y.

Contractors and Contracting

By One Who Has Been Through the Mill

SPEAK of contractors to nine persons out of ten and they immediately form a mental picture of a stout, hefty, red-faced individual, a cross between the rough appearance of a farmer and the loud appurtenances of a race-track tout; a man who can play poker all night and drink good whisky whenever it is offered him; a talking machine who can swear for half an hour at a time and never use the same word twice. They have as much respect for contractors as the devil has for holy water, and would trust him about as far as they could throw a full-grown bull by the tail.

The fact that practically all contractors who get in the limelight are brought there in connection with charges of graft or inferior work, when the newspapers have unkind remarks to make about them, and that the average person comes in no closer touch with contractors than to read these accounts, or see a gang of laborers laying a water main or paving a street in front of his residence, explains in a large measure this popular impression.

RAISED TO IT

IWENT into contracting for about the same reason most people join the Presbyterian, Methodist, or Baptist churches—because their fathers are members of one or the other. Then, having joined before they are old enough to really understand the doctrines of the different denominations, they hear so much of predestination, falling from grace, or close communion, according to the particular church with which they have united, that by the time they are able to comprehend the terms they are perfectly satisfied that theirs is, of necessity, the only orthodox way, and almost feel it to be their bounden duty to do home missionary work among the misguided of the other churches. So, when I graduated from college and canvassed around as to what I should do for a living—that idea comes as such a severe jolt after four years of college life—I decided upon contracting, because my father was a contractor and I had heard so much of the business that I looked upon it as the only sure means to secure the desired end—the living.

Our home office was located in a large city in one of the States adjoining the Ohio River, though our field of operation included practically the entire South. I first served an apprenticeship in the office, doing clerical work, and getting an idea of the inner side of contracting, the methods of keeping the general books, the cost accounts, financing the different contracts, preparation of bids, etc. We were compelled to open a branch office in every locality where a new contract was secured, to remain only during the life of that particular job. The object of these branches was to make requisitions, O. K. invoices, keep correct records of the pay roll and cost account. Everything was reported and handled through the home office. This experience was valuable, for one of the main troubles with the average contractor is lack of office work and detail. His check book is his ledger, journal, and cash book, all in one—he has received so much in estimates, his bank statement shows so much on deposit, and the difference is what the contract must have cost.

ON THE WAY UP

AFTER spending one year in the office I was sent on the road and worked on different contracts as timekeeper, straw boss, foreman, assistant superintendent, superintendent, and finally my father took me in as a partner. While these rises consumed several years of hard work, I claim no special credit to myself for them; others possibly as good or better than I are still serving time in the lower ranks. I had a pull with my father, and, of course, that makes a big difference.

About the best that can be said of contracting is that it is legitimate gambling. I do not mean to class it with playing the roulette or following the races—contracting is a business or profession, whichever you may care to call it, just as much as selling dry goods, running a manufacturing plant, or practicing law or medicine; it calls for careful thought,

much experience, the hardest kind of work, and the gambler's nerve that makes him willing to risk everything on one contract. But there is always the rainbow to be chased, the gambler's hope that the next contract will be "a killing," and the gambler's chance that luck will break better soon. This is what makes the business so attractive, and keeps so many at the game. The average contractor has more ups and downs than an elevator boy, and may run all the scales of finance, from wealth to poverty and back again in the course of a few years. He bids low on one contract and loses heavily, then secures the next one at a higher price and gets rich.

GUESSING THE FUTURE

THE gambler enters in his having so many uncertain quantities with which to deal, and so many elements that play a vital part in the result, over which he has no control—the weather, labor conditions, and the fluctuating prices of materials he must use.

A merchant buys all manner of goods and sells each article, from the cheapest to the most expensive, at such an advance over the cost price as to pay his overhead expenses and leave him a profit on the season's business. Each article is treated separately, and carries its share of the fixed charges. Then a merchant is in no way obligated to continue in business after he finds his is a losing proposition. He makes as hurried and as graceful an exit as possible by advertising extensive bargain sales. A man entering the practice of law or medicine opens an office, lives economically, and waits for his practice. If, after a limited time, the fees do not materialize, he immediately seeks another vocation. There are no hindrances to his quitting, no drawbacks except pride. The leaving is always good.

But the contractor, going into business or trying to secure another contract, examines plans and specifications for, say, one mile of concrete sewer. He figures every item he *thinks* will enter into the cost of the work, then adds a large per cent for contingencies and profit. On the day of the letting he submits his bid, together with a certified check, of from five to ten per cent of his gross amount as an evidence of good faith, to be forfeited to the city in case he is awarded the contract and fails to make bond or start the work in a specified time—usually ten days from notice of the award. In the preparation of his bid the contractor has no idea what the other contractors' prices will be. He must be guided solely by his own judgment, and is required to deposit the check to make that judgment binding. It is like buying something in a bag at an auction sale, only worse; there you can be guided to some extent by what others are bidding, you can go as far as you like and drop out without involving yourself. The contractor, however, is heavily involved by his certified check. It is nearly as bad as it would be to divest every bidder at an auction of his or her watches, rings, money, and personal effects as an evidence of good faith.

When the bids are all opened and read, suppose he finds his is so far below the others that he is forced to the unhappy conclusion: "What did I forget?" But what can he do? Only two courses are open: he can either forfeit his check as a donation or take the contract and gamble that he can make his losses smaller than the amount of the check. Usually he accepts the latter alternative. I knew a contractor who bid on a large concrete building and omitted the roof in adding up his cost. The amount of his certified check was ten thousand dollars, and the roof was estimated to cost fifteen thousand. Rather than just throw away his ten thousand, he took the gambler's chance to "get a run for his money," and in the final windup told me he was eight thousand dollars behind.

THE MATTER OF BONDS

BUT take the contractor whose bid is just a trifle lower than the others. He can be satisfied by the comparison between his prices and what the other bidders thought it was worth that he is



There is Economy in Buying Heinz Baked Beans

BECAUSE *baked* beans give you more food value, as well as more satisfaction—more of the health-giving, strength-building elements your system requires. Far more than you obtain in the ordinary boiled or steamed beans so often sold in cans.

Heinz Baked Beans are *really baked* in ovens. They have all the flavor, all the delicacy, all the nutriment, of the famous *baked* beans of Boston.

Thousands of housewives all over the country will tell you that Heinz Baked Beans are "like the best home baked." And that's the highest praise we ask. Look on the label of the can of beans you buy for the word "Baked." The U. S. Government forbids its use when the beans are not baked. You will find every can of Heinz Baked Beans labeled "Baked."

57 Varieties

There are four kinds of Heinz Baked Beans:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce.

Heinz Baked Pork and Beans without Tomato Sauce—Boston Style.

Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Pork (Vegetarian).

Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans.

Others of the famous "57" are:

Heinz Euchred Pickle, Mince Meat, Chili Sauce, Pure Vinegars, Tomato Ketchup, Fruit Preserves, Peanut Butter, etc.



H. J. HEINZ COMPANY—57 Varieties

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Purity Does Not Mean Expense

WITHIN reasonable limits, the purity of a product does not determine the price at which it sells to the consumer.

There are some cases in which the only object of adulteration—the use of preservatives, artificial colorings and flavors—is to permit of an otherwise impossibly low price, but at best the figure at which an article sells is no safe way to determine its purity, its food value or quality.

Often the reasonably priced food product is clean, pure and of high grade, while the high-priced goods with attractive labels and packages are decidedly the reverse.

The public belief that pure, high grade foods cost more than the doubtful or evil products, is a



Attractively packed French Peas colored with Sulphate of Copper (Blue Vitriol) sell at much higher prices than worthy domestic brands that contain no poisonous coloring. Peas loaded with copper will be barred from sale on May 1st.

delusion which operates to the advantage of the food-fraud in his tireless game of fooling the consumer.

There is only one reason for debasing or drugging foods and that is to increase profits, and the

men who rob you in this way do not invite your suspicion by an excessively low price.

But even when pure foods cost more they are far cheaper in the end than any adulterated product however low its price.

Bad food is an extravagance however cheap; good food is sensible economy however costly.

Your grocer does not know what foods are pure—he has no means or method of knowing.

In providing him with a means by which he can judge between good foods and bad, they are trying to help him—not hinder. And grocers who have made an experiment with the value of this new guide to pure foods, have been quick to feel the benefit in both their buying and selling.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods

is simply a handy index, listing the important nationally distributed food products that have been tested at Westfield, Mass., "The Pure Food Town," and known to be definitely pure and of high quality.

The tests on which this book are based were absolutely impartial. It is the net result of over 20,000 careful analyses made by the food experts of the

Westfield Board of Health. It is not, and cannot be, so complete that anything not mentioned in it is to be adjudged impure by inference, but it is complete enough to serve as a valuable buying guide at any grocer's counter anywhere. In this book there is no condemnation, not even by inference. It lists only pure products and does not mention the other kind.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods solves the food problem of the consumer and makes choice easy and safe for the grocer. To secure a copy, fill out the coupon on this page and mail it with ten cents in stamps or silver to the Westfield Board of Health, Westfield, Mass.

It will let you lock your doors once for all against the food faker and the food poisoner.



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BOARD OF HEALTH,
WESTFIELD, MASS.

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name

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Post Office

My Grocer

Address

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?

Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

Contractors and Contracting

(Continued from page 23)

about right. Before he is permitted to sign the contract he is required to make bond of about twenty-five per cent of his gross total that he will finish the contract to the satisfaction of all concerned. Of course, the bonding company has to be given sufficient collateral to make them absolutely safe. The city retains ten per cent of his estimate each month as an additional guarantee.

TROUBLE JUST BEGUN

HAVING made bond, his troubles have barely commenced. He must invest a large per cent of his contract price in excavating machinery, another large per cent in a concrete plant; he buys teams and lumber; he must build warehouses and camps, and so on, through an almost endless list of initial expenses, prior to removing the first shovel of earth. Then the regular prosecution of the work calls for expenditures he could not have dreamed of at the time he made his bid. Maybe he had every reason to believe he would strike hard clay that would hold itself, and finds loose sand that must be braced securely; or, perhaps, he figured on soft earth and runs into hard rock. These "maybes" are not fictitious, they are the sternest of realities, and come up in regular processions with each contract. Each of them necessitates a new plan of operation, different equipment, and additional cost. But the contractor, no matter how many changes he must make, or how much money he may be losing, cannot retire as soon as he finds he is bound to come out in the hole on his contract; he cannot imitate his friend the merchant, the doctor, or the lawyer. His bond and the retained per cent hold him closer than a brother to his work; he must finish the contract and gamble with each day's work that in the end he will, at least, break even.

Still continuing the sewer example—the contractor has put in a price of so much per cubic yard for excavating and back filling, and so much per cubic yard for concrete work. He buys the machinery and teams, the lumber, sand, cement, and gravel; he builds camps and warehouses; he hires his men, from superintendent to water boy, at so much per day, and sells, not each item separately as does the merchant, but the entire conglomeration at so much per cubic yard of finished work. Such a business is bound to be a gamble.

Since contracting is necessarily carried on out of doors, the weather furnishes another gambling chance. Nearly all contracts carry heavy penalties for overtime, and, since no one can look into the future and figure out in dollars and cents the cost of a probable rainy spell or a long freeze, the contractor is bound to gamble on the elements, and include the sunshine and the clouds in his price per cubic yard.

REPUTATION NOT AN ASSET

ANOTHER difference between contracting and other lines of business is that former reputation amounts to almost nothing. In the others, if a man so conducts himself and his business as to gain a good reputation, he has an asset that is even more valuable than his stock of goods or his bills receivable; he has a good will that will continue to bring him business and that can be passed on to his successor. However, in contracting, practically every contract stands on its own bottom. No matter if I have previously done work for the same people to their entire satisfaction, and in so doing have lost money for myself, when a new contract is to be let I must bid in absolute competition with everyone else, and the low man is awarded the work. My former experience with them does not help; my reputation counts for naught. The successful bidder may have been guilty of shady practice on other contracts; if so, all they can do is to place an additional number of inspectors around to watch what he does and make, or try to make, him live up to the specifications. So, knowing this, most contractors work on the theory of "What's the use?" They console themselves as did the rich man of old: "Eat, drink, and be merry; make all we can out of this contract, for to-morrow we may be without a job."

A contractor is more or less in doubt regarding the result of a contract until the final estimate is paid. A flood, a freeze, a cave-in, a thousand and one contingencies may arise at the last minute, comparatively speaking, to turn an apparent profit into a loss. I remember one

contract we had for three miles of fifteen-foot concrete, forty feet underground. The work was, to all practical purposes, completed, and final inspection was to be made by the chief engineer in two days. In the meantime a terrible flood, the worst ever known in that vicinity, set in, and backed water, mud, and debris of one kind and another from the river through the entire length of the sewer. Of course, we had to clean it all out again before the work would be accepted, and while we did not lose money on the contract, still that flood cost us about twenty-five hundred dollars. If it had waited less than a week we would have been that much more to the good. I thought at the time that I had rather have spent the entire amount in peanuts and chewing gum for all the orphanages in the State, then I could at least have had the satisfaction of thinking I was doing some good. As it was, I considered it money absolutely thrown away. But this flood was included in our bid of so much per cubic yard—it was a part of our gamble—only the odds were reduced after we had placed the bet and without our knowledge.

THE IGNORANT INSPECTOR

THE class of inspection that contractors have to put up with in a majority of cases is largely responsible for any "getting by" they may do in the course of the job to get even. The intelligence of inspectors, as a rule, is conspicuous for its absence; they are usually novices at the business or absolutely inefficient; sometimes both. Their positions are usually secured by political pull or friendship—no other qualification being considered necessary. Yet, according to the terms of the contract, they have unlimited authority, and their orders must be obeyed. When you take rank ignorance and adorn it with the garb of authority you have created a hard combination. Yet most contractors are up against this combination every day.

Several years ago we were building a concrete power house some distance from a certain city and about two miles from the nearest railroad. To facilitate the handling of materials to the work, we constructed a spur track from the railroad, and operated cars with our own engines. The inspectors on this contract were made up almost entirely of young high-school graduates; they may have been well posted in Latin, Greek, English, and rhetoric, but they didn't know any more about construction work than a mule knows about manuring. I had rather buy one season's crop of graduates for what they are really worth and sell them for what they think they're worth than have John D. give me the increased value of his Standard Oil stock since the order of dissolution went into effect—there'd be more money in it. Our little kindergarten was no exception, and we lived mighty hard. The specifications for gravel on this work were about as usual—"must pass every way through a certain sized screen, must be free from loam, dirt, etc." On several occasions we brought out a car of gravel that seemed all right to us; but, then, we were just contractors and didn't know anything about gravel. The inspector would climb aboard, pick up a few pebbles in his hand, try to look as wise as a picture of Solomon, shake his head doubtfully, and then condemn the gravel as unfit for use. We would haul it back the two miles of spur track, let it stay there two or three days, and bring the identical car out again, and have the same inspector pass it up as perfectly satisfactory. Each car of gravel was worth something like forty dollars; if it had been forty cents we might have humored the inspector's ignorance. Of course, that was "putting one over," in a way—the really proper thing to have done would have been to dump the offending gravel in the river—but I have never seen any harm in what we did. However, my conscience may be seared by many years of contracting.

REPRESENTING AN EMPTY POCKET

ON another occasion we had about five miles of paving to do in a certain Southern city; the bricks were laid on a six-inch concrete foundation. Our inspector was a man of about forty, whom we'll call Robert Williams, since he was, and I suppose still is, an inveterate reader of COLLIER's and might not care to see his name in print without his permission. Now, Bob was all right—sometimes; he



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Breaks evenly in the center

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are made in variety to suit every taste and every occasion. That you may know how different and how delicious they are

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Think What's Inside

That's a grain of wheat, puffed to eight times normal size. You eat some twenty like it in each spoonful of Puffed Wheat or Rice.

That grain as it grew contained myriads of granules, too small for the naked eye.

Yet each of those granules held a trifle of moisture. And that confined moisture, with the grains sealed in guns, was converted into steam.

Then that steam was exploded, inside of each granule. Those explosions by the countless thousands made that Puffed Grain what it is.

Now Crisp and Airy, Toasted, Thin and Porous

Now you have a blown-up kernel, shaped exactly as it grew. A kernel filled with countless cells, bounded by toasted walls. An airy grain which crushes at a touch, and melts away to almond-flavored atoms.

A grain that's ready for digestion, as no other process makes it.

And a grain that has the flavor of a slightly-toasted nut. That's what a million homes are getting in these all-enticing foods.

Puffed Wheat, 10c *Except in Extreme West*
Puffed Rice, 15c

Most Delicious Morsels

Both of these foods are immensely inviting. Nothing ever before made from wheat or rice bears any comparison with them.

Serve with sugar and cream, or mixed with fruit.

Serve them floating in a bowl of milk.

Garnish cake or ice cream with them as you would with nuts.

Use like nuts in candy making.

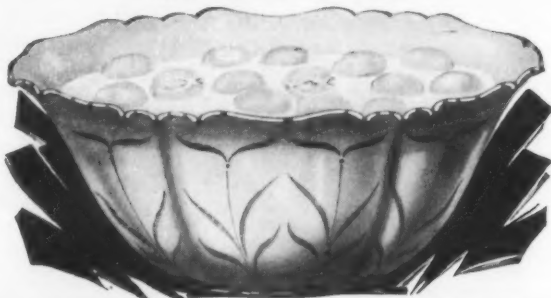
Think what foods they must be—whole-grain, porous, toasted kernels, made to taste like nuts.

They are not our invention. We simply make and distribute them.

The whole credit is due to Prof. A. P. Anderson, once a college professor, now a scientist in foods.

But we know cereals, and how people like them. And we promise you a rare surprise when you try Puffed Wheat or Rice.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers—Chicago



(364)

Contractors

(Continued from page 25)

was one of those "the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be, the devil was well," etc., kind of fellows. He didn't know good concrete from biscuit dough, but that cut no figure; he was a political parasite, and had to have the place. Since it behooves all contractors to get along as well as possible with inspectors, we tried to be good friends with Bob, and it did not take long to discover that he was inordinately fond of beer, and that that beverage came nearer making him a saint than anything else. So the superintendent, the four foremen, and the timekeeper would take turn about visiting a convenient blind tiger with him. (The city was supposed to be dry.) They had to go in rotation, as Bob was a regular swill barrel when it came to beer, and could outdrink the entire bunch in the course of a day. We could always tell when Bob was broke as easily as if he had turned his pockets inside out. He would be as mean as original sin all day, just to show what he could do when he so desired; then, toward quitting time, he would ease up to me, or to the superintendent when I was out of town, and ask to borrow five or ten dollars. Of course, there was nothing to do but to lend it to him. Needless to say, these loans were never repaid.

A JOB WITH THE FISTS

WHEN this contract was within about three weeks of being completed, Bob was taken from us and a new inspector sent out. This second one was the personification of all that's mean and ignorant; there just wasn't any getting along with him. Why, if he ever walks the Golden Streets he will order them taken up to see if the per cent of alloy is more than the specifications allow. It is a part of every contract that the contractor must dismiss any of his employees who are not acceptable to the engineers. However, we had to get rid of this fellow some way, so I told our concrete foreman that if he would pick a fight with him and whip him good, I'd continue his name on the pay roll until the job was finished or as long as he would be there anyway, and that I would send him to another contract when the three weeks were over. I knew, of course, that after the fight he would immediately become most unacceptable to the engineers, who have to back up their inspectors; but I also knew that that inspector would be laid up on the bad-order track for some time, and that we would have relief. The fight came off according to schedule late one afternoon, the foreman left for home that night, and another inspector was sent out next morning. The entire affair was regretted by us to the engineers when they asked about it, and as proof of our genuine sorrow at the occurrence, the pugilistic foreman had already been discharged.

A contractor going into new territory to bid has a rather hard time. No matter where you go, there are always several local bidders who have the inside track. They are personal friends of all the supply men, who give them their lowest prices on the various materials to be used, since they know that if the local man is successful in his bid he will patronize home industries, while an outsider might buy elsewhere.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE

I ONCE went to a city of the Southwest to bid on a three-hundred-thousand-dollar office building. In addition to securing the best prices on the supplies, I was compelled to gamble to a certain extent on how much cheaper we would be able to purchase our materials if the contract were actually ours than they were now being quoted me. When our bid was accepted, letters began pouring in from all the supply men in that city to our home office. They were soliciting business and offering as special inducements a little lower prices than they had formerly been willing to give. I returned to that city a few days later to get the work started, and hardly had I registered at the hotel before I was beset by the cement men, the gravel men, the sand men, the hardware men, etc., each endeavoring with all the persuasion possible to make me close contracts with them.

The successful bidder's first return to the city of his victory is an occasion for a greater welcome than was accorded the Prodigal Son on his return home. The fatted calf and all the lean ones are killed. It is the brightest, wettest oasis in a contractor's life. All those who de-



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JUST ONCE, and slip on the "New Idea" Supporters. If they do not STAY in place! If you're even conscious that you WEAR supporters—if they do not give you far more COMFORT and SECURITY than the creeping, binding, elastic kind, we will return your money and let you keep them. The PRU—die for a nickel plated pair, good for five years. For \$5.00 worth of Comfort and service, enclose 15c today for a pair postpaid. (Circular Free.) **MODERN SPECIALTY CO., 79th St., Racine, Wis.**



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THOUSANDS of those who save fail to take advantage of investment openings because they do not realize what may be done with small amounts of money. They imagine that Bonds and other securities are only for the well-to-do.

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Moreover, persons of limited means are the very ones who should begin to invest their savings safely and profitably. They particularly should demand good security and the largest interest return consistent with safety. In this way only can they materially improve their financial position.

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Contractors

(Continued from page 26)

sire to sell him anything show him every attention possible; they invite him to breakfast, lunch, and dinner; they take him to the theatre and out automobiling; they ask him to their clubs, and wine and dine him until the amount of refreshment he consumes, both liquid and solid, is measured solely by his capacity—he always takes on as heavy a load as the traffic will stand. The best policy is to take things easy for a few days and let them do the sweating—the contractor's time for that comes when his work is started. Finally, when I did close for my materials on the basis of the estimated yardage, I had saved some eighteen thousand dollars in the difference between the prices as first quoted me and those I was now able to contract for.

THE LABOR COST

THE condition of the labor market cuts quite an important figure in the cost of a contract. When labor is scarce a contractor has to put up with anything that is capable of growing a beard and make the best of it. On the other hand, we have had work in the extreme South where negroes were plentiful and would hang around our job like crows around a cornfield, waiting for a chance to get on; as soon as a man was "burnt out," or when the "bear got him," as they expressed it, another would take his place with a wheelbarrow or shovel before the foreman hardly had time to notice a man had dropped out. Under these conditions a contractor is thoroughly independent, and work can be done at a labor-saving of twenty-five per cent.

Of all the schemes of the devil to try men's souls, I believe, after personal experience, that a three-cornered partnership in contracting is the most effective, and should take precedence over the trials and tribulations of Job. Several years ago two contractors who had previously done some railroad work for us as sub-contractors, and whom we had every reason to believe were honest and hard working, induced us to go into partnership with them on a contract for a dam they could get but could not finance. We were to furnish the necessary money and credit, and they were to do the work. After the articles of partnership were drawn up and signed and the work commenced, there followed a year in which our otherwise good opinion of human nature in general, and our partners in particular, was shattered by a series of disappointments.

One of these fellows—James Gatum, we'll call him—was supposed to be an expert in dam work. But he wasn't. No matter what went wrong, he always had a handy "goat" on whom he placed the blame; his candid opinion of himself was that he could not be improved upon. The second partner did the big heavy standing around, and criticized everything that happened. Not an ideal pair to be in partnership with, as you will agree.

A BAD MIX-UP

JAMES proved inefficient, and, acting on the advice of the second partner, Sam, we removed him from the superintendency and substituted a sure enough expert from the East. Then the two partners, by some series of conferences and mind changing, the exact character of which we could never understand, became as thick as thieves, and united in asking that James be allowed to return. We consented with the express understanding that he was to have nothing whatever to do with the work, but was to confine himself to keeping men in the camp, to act as "shack rouser," and buy the supplies for the commissary. It was, of course, a matter of pride with him, and I don't blame him for wanting to return, but how on earth he made Sam change his mind and act as if he hadn't any I don't understand. His mere presence on the work cost us thousands of dollars—you cannot have two bosses on the same job, and Sam should have known it was as much to his interest as it was to ours. Anyhow, it is all past now, and I feel no grudge against either of them; still, a burnt child dreads the fire, and there will be no more partners for us. Anyone we need hereafter will be hired at so much per, and when his usefulness has passed he will be dismissed without ceremony.

I once made nine thousand dollars on a contract in the record-breaking time of two hours, and by a most peculiar break of luck that will not happen once



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"My hair is so much prettier after a Palmolive Shampoo, yet soft and manageable."

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Contains the same wonderful palm and olive oils that make Palmolive Soap so cleansing, softening and nourishing to the skin

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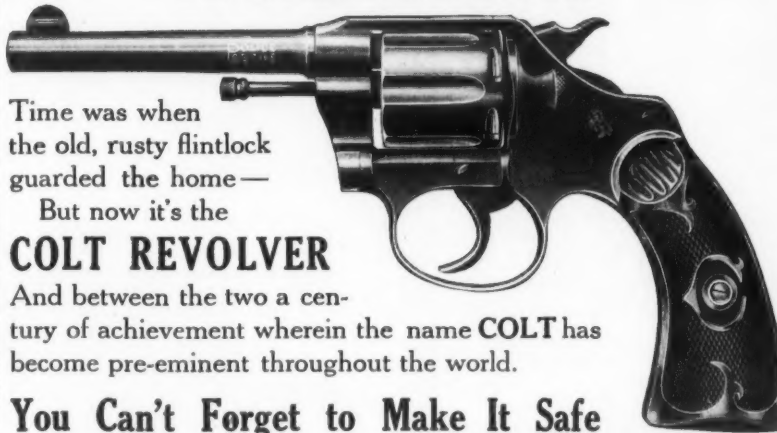
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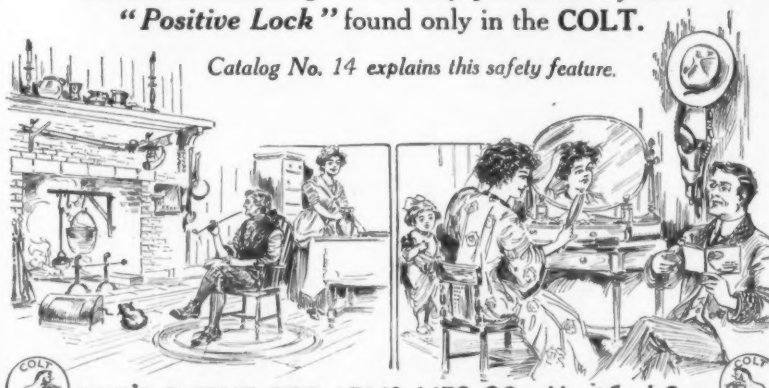
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Last year this muslin sack of "Bull" Durham was bought by more millions of men than all other high-grade smoking tobaccos combined—more than 352,000,000 sacks sold, nearly a million a day!

This homely muslin sack is a familiar sight the world over—because "Bull" Durham Tobacco is sold and smoked in every corner of the globe! It has been the standard smoking tobacco of the world for three generations.

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"Bull" Durham is the cheapest luxury in the world—and the most universal. It is the *one* luxury of millions of workers of all kinds—the *favorite* luxury of hundreds of millionaires—because this pure, honest, thoroughly good tobacco affords a degree of enjoyment and satisfaction *not found in any other tobacco!*

A book of "papers"
FREE with each
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No matter where you are, you can always get "Bull" Durham—and get it fresh. It is sold by more dealers throughout the world than any other single article of commerce!

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This famous "Bull" sign is the most widely known and recognized advertisement in the world. "Bull" Durham tobacco is the most favorably known and widely smoked tobacco in the world.



Contractors and Contracting

(Concluded from page 27)

in a thousand years. We were bidding on a million-dollar sewage disposal plant; our bid was all made up and assembled, and only needed to be transferred to the proper form. I made this transfer myself, and, after completing it, compared the original with the form that was to be turned in, and was satisfied they were identical. Now a bid must always be written after the order of a bank check—that is, the amount is put down in figures, then written out in full. There were eighteen items in this bid, and one of them, the twelfth, was for some small connection on which we had placed a price of one thousand and ninety dollars. I was present at the public reading of the bids; there were about twenty-five others submitted, and ours was among the last to be opened. Up until that time we were low, but when the twelfth item of our bid was read it was noticed that I had put the figures correctly, one thousand and ninety dollars, but instead of writing one thousand and ninety, or ten hundred and ninety, I had written *ten thousand* and ninety, thus raising our bid nine thousand higher than was intended. The city attorney who was present ruled correctly that the writing was binding, and I was afraid that that fool mistake of mine might cost us the job. But even with that we were low, and though the highest bid among all the others on that same item was only fifteen hundred dollars, they paid us ten thousand for it. If matters had been reversed and I had, by mistake, reduced our bid that much, we would have been compelled to take our medicine; so I considered we were extremely lucky that time, and since then have been more particular in the preparation of bids. Next time a mistake occurs, it might catch us.

SOME REASONS WHY

WE have previously referred to the popular conception of contractors—as men without principle and void of any sense of honor. While they may not measure up, or rather down, to this precise standard, still contractors are not "tin angels" in any sense of the word, nor do they lay any claim to be. The chances are a hundred to one that whenever several of them are together the conversation will soon drift to personal experiences of how this one "got by" with something, or that one "put one over" on the engineers, or another one had his classification raised from loose rock to solid so as to get the increase in price. These incidents are considered a necessary part of the business, and are told with as much pride as a doctor would feel in relating the performance of a difficult operation or a lawyer in winning an exceptionally hard case. The average standard of contractors measured by morals, education, or refinement is not as high as that of almost any other class of men engaged in a legitimate business. There are several reasons for this, and I do not think that they have made the business what it is as much as that the business is responsible for them; they are more or less the victims of circumstances. In nine cases out of ten a contractor is watched and

treated as though he were a thief; no matter how honest were his first intentions, this is bound to have its effect—when you give a dog a bad name you might as well kill him. The contractor is bound as tight as a contract can hold him, and is tied hand and foot to his work by a large bond and the retained per cent; he is hedged about by incompetent inspectors, who put him to all kinds of unnecessary expense, trouble, and delay until he is forced to retaliate—it is a case of fighting the devil with his own fire and the contractor is bound to pray for his own church first. This continual lookout for the short cuts is not calculated to develop many virtues.

A MAN'S GAME

A NUMBER of contractors spend a majority of their lives in camp, separated from civilization and society, where everything is accomplished by brute strength and force; "please" is not in their vocabulary—it has been supplanted by "Why the hell?" since this latter has been found to be more effective in dealing with laborers. Some contractors start out as foremen, are advanced to higher positions, lay aside a small stake, and take a contract of their own as subcontractor. Then, if successful, they gradually branch out on a larger scale. They were, of course, rough to start with—a man who handles laborers is bound to be—and the business will never of itself cultivate a polish; it rather tends to dull any that might have previously existed.

Stiff competition has made it a case of the survival of the fittest. If a man can't do a little more work than nature ever intended he should, he is promptly relegated to the scrap heap, along with worn-out machinery. To do the most work in the shortest possible time and at the smallest cost is the aim, the object, the goal for which a contractor works. His is a gambling game, and he must play hard for his stakes or drop out.

My father is one of the few exceptions to the average contractor I know of, and the only one I would classify as the soul of honor. There is not a man who ever worked for him who would not rather have the engineer for whom we were working know of anything wrong that occurred than for father to find it out; whenever he visits any of his works all the men, from water boy to superintendent, are more careful than when the inspector is about. He insists that the work shall, in every detail, be even better than the specifications call for. Only twice have I ever heard him curse, and time on the contracts where this happened was reckoned by these occurrences. The men would say:

"That was before" or "That was after the 'old man' swore."

A WELCOME NEWCOMER

HE was an engineer for many years before he went into contracting, and I am glad to notice that more and more the engineers are coming into the business, and sincerely hope that with their gradual influx the personnel of the contracting profession may be raised.

Detective Burns Dramatized

(Continued from page 17)

in Argyle's room, and through them arrives at the murderer.

The authors, Miss Harriet Ford and Mr. Harvey J. O'Higgins, are decidedly clever in keeping the real trail covered, and while they leave no doubt in the audience's mind of Kayton's ability as a detective, yet contrive to conceal the identity of the murderer until the last moment. It is not often that one sees anything better of its kind than the terse, tense melodrama of the first two acts. The latter two acts are more noisy and lurid, yet sufficiently interesting. Mr. Robert Hillard impersonates the gifted "Never Sleep" in his usual vigorous and clean-cut style.

"THE CONSPIRACY"

IN "The Conspiracy" we are treated to quite another sort of detective story, for, although there is a murder mystery here, too, a "white-slave" victim, and a band of blackmailing cutthroats similar to the Black Hand, the action is set in the key of farce, and its principal figure is an eccentric author of yellow journal de-

tective stories whose monomania is the detection of crime.

This curious old party, who lives alone but for a negro mammy in an old-fashioned house in Waverley Place, engages as his stenographer the young woman actually guilty of the murder—the supposed respectable merchant was really head of the band of blackmailers and white-slave dealers, and she had killed him in self-defense—and the turning point of the action is the scene in which this old literary Hawkshaw, dictating to the girl a story founded on the murder she herself had committed, so works on her nerves by the accuracy and vividness with which his imagination reproduces what actually happened, that she finally breaks down and gives everything away. The author, jubilant at last to be able to turn the tables on the police, who have always ridiculed his pretensions, and on his ribald reporter associates, who call him "Little Nemo" and similar humiliating nicknames, is about to turn the girl over to the police when he is induced to spare her and cap-



If a Wooden Man Can Do It, You Can

This wooden man is used in AutoStrop window displays. He shows you how to strop AutoStrop blades to Head Barber edges.

This Wooden Man Shows How This Razor Can Guarantee

500 Shaves from 12 Blades

Read This Guarantee

ANY shaver failing to get 500 Head Barber shaves from a package of 12 AutoStrop blades may return his 12 blades to us, state how many shaves he is short, and we will send him enough new blades to make good his shortage.

EVERY barber, every steel expert—even common sense—tells you that no razor can stay sharp without stropping.

No human hand can strop as well as a machine. A separate machine is a nuisance.

There is just one razor in the world that combines safety shaving and mechanical stropping in one instrument. That one is the AutoStrop Safety Razor.

The perfect mechanical stropping is what makes 12 AutoStrop Blades last through 500 shaves and more. Cheapest shaving ever devised. Cheaper than a 25¢ razor.

The AutoStrop Razor consists of a silver-plated, self stropping razor, 12 blades and strop in smart case, \$5. Price in Canada and U. S. the same. Factories in both countries. Send for catalog.

Do not be overmodest about asking the dealer for an AutoStrop Razor on 30 days' free trial. Because if you take it back, we protect him from loss.

AutoStrop Safety Razor

This Razor Strops, Shaves, Cleans Without Removing Blade

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The Genuine has this Label and is Guaranteed

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The genuine is unconditionally guaranteed. Get the Bond when you buy.

For MEN Any Style For BOYS
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DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest art catalogs illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our unsketch of prices and marvelous new offers.

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TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries at half retail prices.

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\$92.50 — Our Price for Next 30 Days!

We now offer the Edwards "Steelcote" Garage (1913 Model), direct-from-factory, for \$92.50. But to protect ourselves from advancing prices of steel, we set a time limit upon the offer. We guarantee this record price for 30 days only. Just now we can save you \$35 or more.

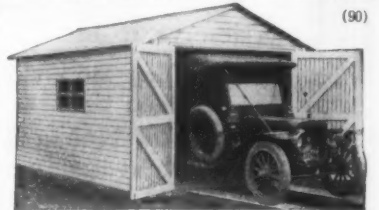
Edwards Fireproof GARAGE

Quickly Set Up Any Place

An artistic, fireproof steel structure for private use. Gives absolute protection from sneak thieves, joy riders, fire, lightning, accidents, carelessness, etc. Saves \$50 to \$80 monthly in garage rent. Saves time, worry, and trouble. Comes ready to set up. All parts cut and fitted. Simple, complete directions furnished. Absolutely rust-proof. Joints and seams permanently tight. Practically indestructible. Locks securely. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Made by one of the largest makers of portable fireproof buildings. Prompt, safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Postal sent today brings new 56-page illustrated Garage Book by return mail.

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Our Climax Hand Warmer attaches to battery that runs your lights or self starter. Keeps hands warm when riding. Costs little or nothing to run. Heats up immediately. Write for particulars or send \$5.00 for Warmer with 7 feet of cord ready to attach. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

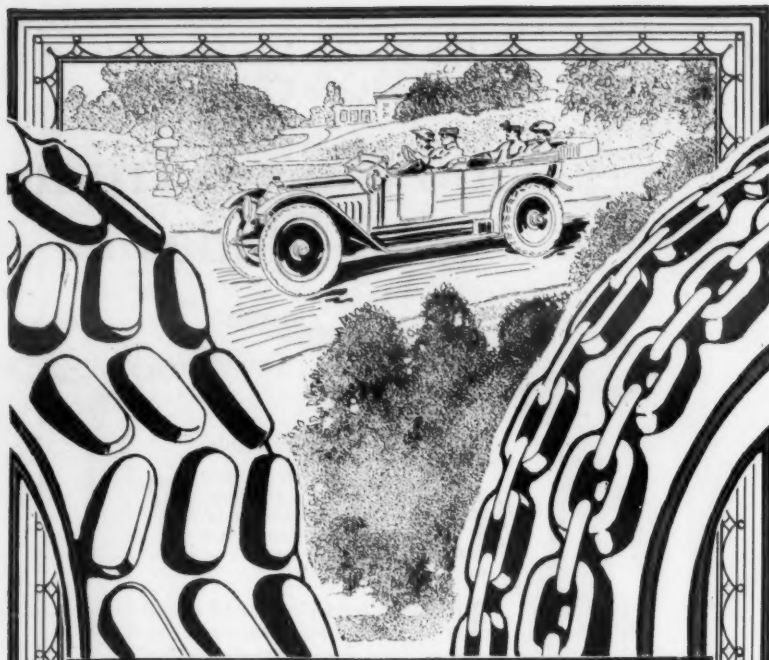
Agents Wanted.

CLIMAX HAND WARMER CO., Boston, Mass.

PATENTS

to pay must fully protect. FREE booklet. Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Est. 52 years. 604 F St., Washington, D. C., and New York. Send for New Helpful Plan for Inventors

29



The two most talked-of tires in the country

NOBBY TREAD and CHAIN TREAD TIRES

are unquestionably the most prominent non-skid tires before the motoring public today.

Motorists and dealers, both in this country and in foreign countries have acknowledged them to be the **most effective** non-skid tires ever made and have backed up this opinion by using more of them than all other non-skid tires put together.

In the whole history of manufacturing we believe not one instance can be named where a product has come into permanent and general use thruout the World except by reason of pronounced superiority over other articles in its field.

The Nobby and Chain Tread Tires have become the most famous and the most widely used non-skid tires in the World simply and solely because they deserve to be.

They stop skidding and they are long-lived tires.

The Nobby Tread has long been known as the most efficient non-skid tire that money can buy.

And the popular priced Chain Tread, altho placed on the market but a short time ago, has jumped into instant popularity because of its positive non-skid value.

Sold Everywhere

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Detective Burns Dramatized

(Concluded from page 29)

ture the gang which she herself—the sister of an assistant district attorney—was getting evidence against at the time of the murder. He so arranges things that this *coup de main* takes place in his own library, with all the wealth of melodramatic detail which his lively and experienced fancy can devise, and the final curtain goes down with the handcuffed villains struggling with four athletic detectives, the heroine (who has amiably left the arms of her reporter hero for a moment to perform this service) taking notes, while the triumphant author dictates—just off the griddle, as it were—the final chapter of the greatest story of his life.

The idea is original and amusing, and Mr. John Emerson, who has the double joy of being one of the authors and acting the principal part as well, plays it with great drollery. Mr. Robert Baker is the other author, and as his name comes first, perhaps he discovered the idea. If this be the case, one salutes him, for a piece so exciting and yet so quaintly amusing is not encountered every day.

THAT RARE BIRD—A COMIC OPERA

LITTLE Miss Trentini, full of life (the life of a tin doll with too strong a spring), jerky and metallic as ever, yet singing better, perhaps, than anyone on the musical-comedy stage (of course, it will be recalled that Trentini once sang in "grand" opera), appears in "The Firefly,"

a comic opera with an understandable plot. Miss Trentini allures me not, but she certainly has a voice and knows how to use it, and a large public enjoys her keenly. Miss Vera De Rosa sings a song about sapphire seas in the second act—the scene is Bermuda—so soothing and sweet that one left the theatre mourning that she was not permitted to open her mouth again.

"YEARS OF DISCRETION"

MRS. FARRELL HOWARD had reached them—these years of discretion. She was a widow, forty-eight, and lived in Brookline, and had a grown-up and intensely serious son, with spectacles, who always gave the proper short "o" sound to Boston. The discreetness of her whole existence—she was still pretty and felt young—got on Mrs. Howard's nerves one day and she revolted. She bought a lot of beautiful clothes and went to New York. For a brief space she made believe she was young, terrified her son, and had three able-bodied gentlemen wildly making love to her? She married one in the end, and just as she had to admit that she wasn't young after all, even in feeling, he, with some relief, made the same confession. There is a pleasant freshness and authenticity about this amusing piece, which was written by Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Hatton, and one could scarcely imagine it better acted than it is by Miss Effie Shannon, Mr. Lyn Harding, Mr. Bruce McRae, and the others.

The Mistress Problem

(Continued from page 16)

she stated. "Twon't do to give a high-strung lady a high-strung girl. Fur flies the first day. When I've got a high-strung lady on hand I pick out some meek little soul for her, the kind of girl that feels lonesome when she isn't being jumped on. Then there are ladies who have meek natures—sometimes those who didn't have money in the beginning, and are sort of afraid of it now they've got it. They don't know how to run a classy house and they need an overbearing servant to show them how. Never blend dummy with dummy is my rule; never meek with meek; never stubborn with stubborn. Blonde and brunette works better as a rule, and lean with fleshy. I've noticed, too, there's a lot in the back of the neck. If a lady has one that's broad at the base I always look for a girl with a slim one. There's more than you'd think in that," she nodded sagely.

IT is to Mrs. Sanchez that I am indebted for object lessons in the methods employed by certain mistresses. Day after day she permitted me to visit her office and make my own observations. There was one dressy little lady who fluttered in every afternoon, called Mrs. Sanchez her guide, philosopher, and friend, sharply looked over the servants and never found one quite to her liking. One day a neat young French girl left the office and with some abruptness the fluttering lady left immediately after. "Now!" breathed Mrs. Sanchez to me. "Follow accidentally."

Savoring the intoxicating joy of the sleuth, I casually hastened down the hall and took the elevator with the two. "You are an experienced lady's maid?" I heard. "Yes, madame." "And you understand scalp massage thoroughly?" "Yes, madame." "I'm particular about manicuring, too..." The elevator was down, but as the two paused in the lower corridor I heard: "Come Friday about noon..."

I had seen for myself what Mrs. Sanchez had described to me as a frequent method of securing a servant without paying the agent's three-dollar fee. Occasionally a girl shows herself more honest than the mistress by returning and paying her own fee, when she was nabbed outside the agent's door. Mrs. Sanchez sometimes surprises a mistress by sending in her bill for a servant found in this way, when the mistress never dreamed that she knew of the operation.

"The girls don't stick to their word, and they're dishonorable in various ways, but it seems to me there's more excuse for them," she said. "Ladies ought to have higher standards. Some of them say there's two in the family, and when the girl goes she finds, besides, a mother-in-law, two children, a nurse, and a Pomeranian. Another trick is for the lady to pick out some nursemaid she sees with a

child in the park, go up and ask her what she's getting, offer a dollar more, and get her. The girl may take a job with the lady who gets her by crooked means, but she never trusts her, never respects her. Such doings don't improve the standards of our servants."

It was while Miss Huesgen and I chatted in her office that a round, sphinx-like face superimposed upon a magnificent bow presented itself at the door.

"Nothing for a butler to-day except one at \$65," said Miss Huesgen.

The bow became more profound, but retreating. "Seventy-five dollars is the lowest I feel I can—" murmured the sphinx apologetically, and he withdrew.

"These butlers get from \$50 to \$100," Miss Huesgen remarked. "And they can afford to stay out of a job till they get their price, because there's always some fool girl to help them out."

Several allusions by various agents to the man-in-the-case came back to me as I heard this, and I asked Miss Huesgen whether he figured prominently.

"He's one of the biggest factors in the Servant Problem," Miss Huesgen replied.

It was an enticing opening, and I entered with provocative inquiries.

She pointed to the closed hall door on which we read "APPLICANTS." "It's the beau that stands waiting silent outside that door that plays the mischief with our business," she declared oracularly.

I instinctively felt the evil and silent spell of the waiting one without, although the chances are that I wouldn't have found him at that particular dramatic moment if I had peeked to see.

"Many a nice girl comes here ready and willing to take a job in the country. Her beau comes along, but don't show himself. She accepts a place out on Long Island or in Jersey, I phone while she's here, every detail's arranged, the automobile will meet her at such and such a train. Then she says good-by and goes out—to report to him in the hall."

MISS HUESGEN paused. "Next day the lady telephones, ready to skin me alive. 'Where's that waitress? The car was at the train, everything ready, no girl appeared.'"

"I always know what that means. The beau said: 'It's too far, I can't get way out there to see you.' That's the end of her agreement. It's pitiful to see what wax these young, ignorant girls are in good-for-nothing fellows' hands. Men out of a job prey upon them—make a regular system of it. The shop and factory girl gets so little money, and has to turn it into bread and a roof right away. But the servant has all her living provided, and at the end of the week there's that much cold cash to spend, and she's

(Concluded on page 33)

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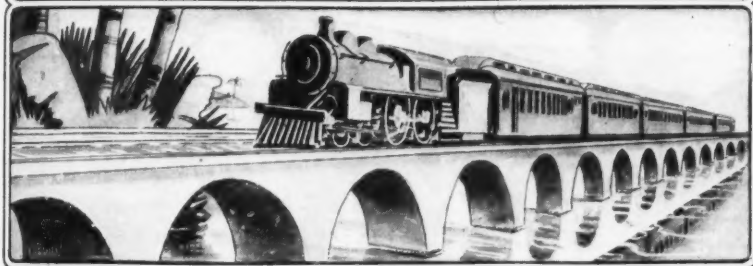
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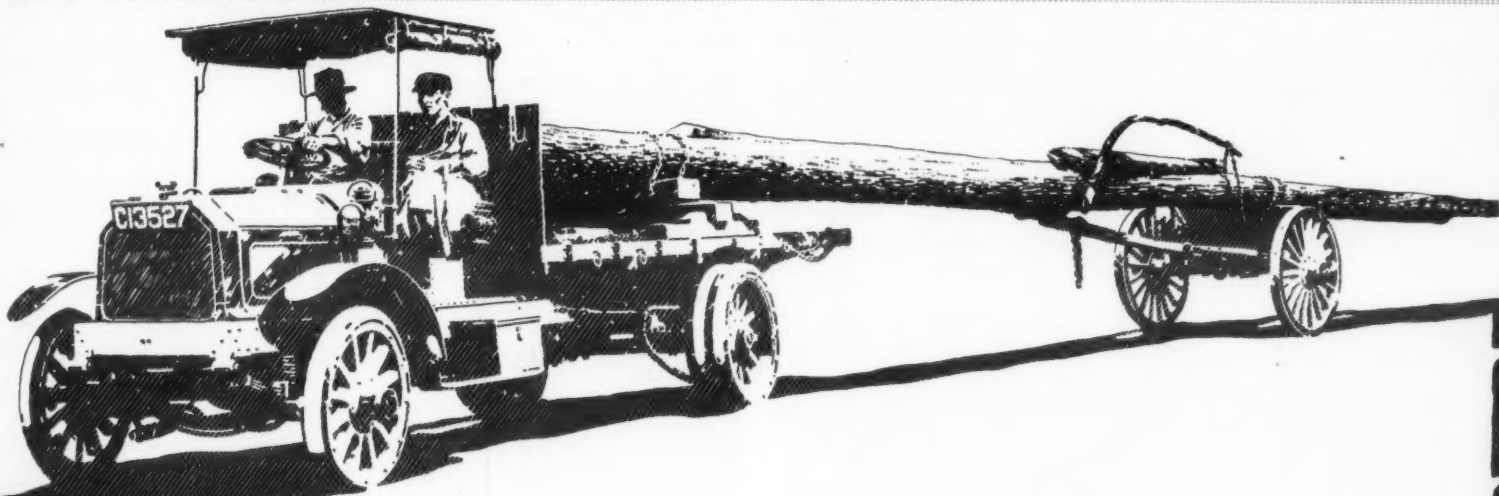
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Mistress Problem

(Concluded from page 30)

like a fat, juicy little lamb to a hungry old coyote—I'm from the West originally. There's always a man hanging around to help her spend her cash."

"Just how?" "Borrow it—the girl's a soft-hearted little fool. Play on her sympathy—get the eight dollars—then take her to Coney at the cost of fifty cents of her own money. The man comes out \$7.50 to the good. Sometimes he marries her, if he thinks that's easier than looking for a job. Sometimes—worse."

Miss Huesgen looked me in the eyes with something in her own softer than is usually to be seen in the eyes of these large and formidable ladies who see too much of the wheels that go round inside poor human nature.

"That's why our maternity hospitals are crowded with servant girls," she said sadly.

THESE little interviews report only a few of the agents with whom I have talked, but represent all. For the most part they are women of slight education but vast powers of observation. One among the many is a scholar and lecturer, and she has most interesting dreams of a school for servants like the one in Berlin, where domestic duties shall be taught thoroughly, and where the mistress will go to seek trained employees, and will no more consider ignorant help than would a factory owner for positions of responsibility over his subtle machinery. Then, she believes, domestic service will gain dignity.

"Two thousand decayed gentlemen have applied to me within six months and I've placed two hundred of them. I could have placed the other eighteen hundred if they would have taken service," she says.

The theories are interesting, and offer a line of thought toward the future. But the Servant Problem as it stands has to struggle on for the present under present conditions. And, after simmering down a vast kettleful of material gathered from these ladies behind the Two Doors, what was left was a rather different proposition from the familiar Case against the Servant. She is greedy for gain, often ungrateful for favors, irresponsible in breaking her word, unscrupulous in many matters of honor. But ignorance explains much of this. After all, she is amenable to kind influence and instruction—she is human. Not one agent did I find but said: "I don't blame her" for preferring the cruelest labor, the most niggardly pay in a factory, to giving up all freedom—and it is this renunciation of freedom that domestic service in the average case means. Somehow I began to find that "What's the matter with the Servant?" twisted itself into another query, as Mrs. Maltbie had suggested, and appeared to read: "What's the matter with the Mistress?"

Is our great national domestic difficulty after all the Mistress Problem?

The White Bead

(Continued from page 19)

commanding them on either side, and she noticed, as the others forged ahead, that Kirk and Jim let them pass, and directly on the right a rifle cracked out.

She tried to turn in her saddle, but some one, galloping up behind her, struck her horse and lashed him forward. She was flung upon his neck and clung, not to be thrown, so that she did not see who was the rider who passed. She made out only that he was passing the others, striking their horses as he reached them, and driving them in rout down the valley. But the other man stayed behind, for, following the single shot, a volley, a rippling, irregular cracking of rifles, ripped and ripped and ripped sharply, clearly, in the still air, and as she looked back, the horse lay dead, already motionless, in the middle of the trail—a bay horse—Jim's horse—under him his rider. And still at that heap came the rip of the rifles from the ambush on the side of the hill.

IN the little Mexican village on the shore, under care of the marines from the American cruiser, the six awaited the subsidence of the surf to go out to the ship.

Alice sat alone with Kirk. They could hear the clatter of the machine gun which the Federal forces had dragged up toward the mountain to attack the insurrecto position.

"It was right for you to let him do it,"

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SAVING NO. II—

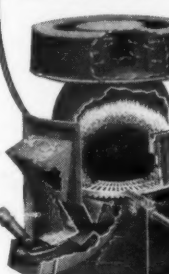
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Smoke and gases (25 to 40 per cent heat value in coal) pass up through the fire, are consumed and converted into useful heat; whereas in topfeed heaters, smoke and gases go to waste—up the chimney. Combustion being perfect in the Underfeed, no clinkers form and very few ashes.

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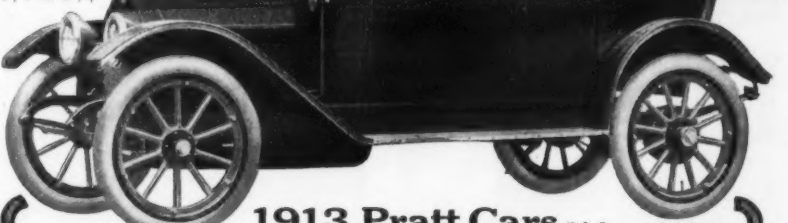
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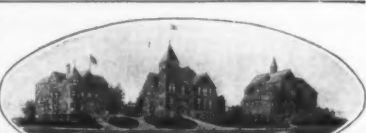
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The White Bead

(Concluded from page 33)

she was repeating. "Kirk, you have no reason to blame yourself! You shared the chance with him when you drew the beads. If you had done it, he certainly would not have blamed himself."

But Kirk gazed at her uneasily. "What is it?" she demanded of him suddenly.

"You don't doubt that he was drawn?"

"Doubt? What do you mean?"

"Nothing. Only I want you to know—never to doubt it. If he hadn't dared to go back and I had to, of course I wouldn't want you to know beyond any possible question, but if we are going to live our lives together, you must know that."

He put his fingers in his pocket and drew forth a glass bead button—white. She stared down at it.

"What is that?" she asked.

"The white bead."

She caught her breath uncertainly: "I do not understand. You must have made some mistake! You must have another!"

"Another?"

She thrust her hand into his pocket and herself felt for it.

"You must have another. You must! Why, you must!"

The color left his face.

"Why? That is the bead, Alice, the one I drew."

She stopped her search.

"This the bead you drew?"

"Yes."

She gasped. "I see it—that it is white—but that's not the one. The white one I gave you was cracked! I wore it upon my sleeve. I sewed it on myself. The white one I gave you to draw with the black was cracked! This is not!"

He could not answer. She stared at him, waiting. He could not meet her gaze. The color left his face. She arose and left him.

THEY had been for an hour in the little village. A bead such as he had shown her could be had at any shop. What did the offering of this mean? Had Kirk drawn the black bead and then, confronted with the certainty of death—the certainty, not merely the chance then—failed before it? Their words at midnight, after the two men had drawn, came back to her. Had he used her to force Jim—though having drawn the white bead—to go back and be shot?

Down from the hot, glaring hillside, where the Federal forces had engaged the insurgents all morning, a party came, bearing wounded. Before them rode a messenger with word to the marines that the American shot in the early morning was being brought down, as there was a chance for his life. As the marines set out with their surgeon, Alice rode ahead of them. They found her at Reilly's side, kissing his lips as he tried to speak the first words of his regained consciousness and holding tight within one hand a cracked white glass bead.

COLLIER'S

The National Weekly

VOLUME FIFTY, NUMBER 20 FEB. 1, 1913

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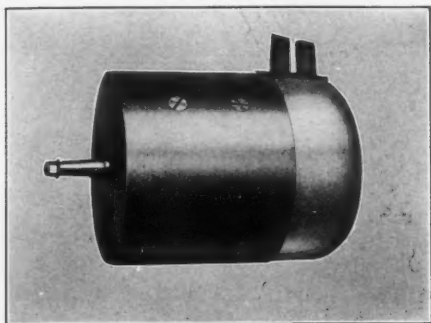
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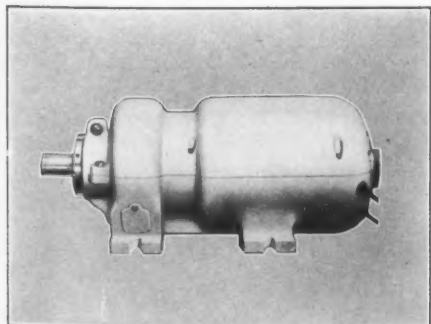
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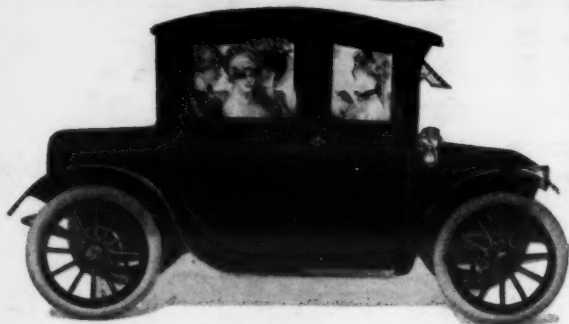
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Four
Separate
Pullman
Chairs
Three
Facing
Forward

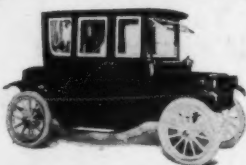
Full View
Ahead
Driven
From the
Left Hand
Rear Seat



INTERIOR

LIMOUSINE-FOUR

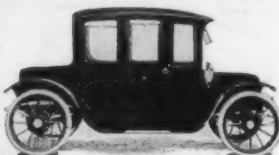
How Waverley Experience and Factory Facilities Evolved The Limousine-Four



LIMOUSINE-FIVE
PRICE \$3,500



GEORGIAN BROUGHAM
PRICE \$3,250



EMPIRE BROUGHAM
PRICE \$2,800



COLONIAL BROUGHAM
PRICE \$2,375

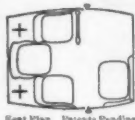


SHELTERED ROADSTER
PRICE \$2,250

Here is the latest triumph of a company which has originated practically every improvement in electric vehicle construction.

That has factory equipment for the manufacture of every type of electric vehicle, from the smallest runabout or brougham to a mighty five ton truck—

—And whose experience, gained in the making of this unlimited range of electrics, enabled them to evolve this most elegant, comfortable, and convenient of all four passenger electrics.



Seating Plan. Patents Pending

Without such experience, and the knowledge gained thereby, such an achievement would hardly have been possible.

It took the company who built the first coupe electric—the first electric with the high efficiency shaft drive—the first electric which could take either solid or pneumatic tires—the first electric with full elliptic springs and patented drop sill construction—and the first five passenger full view ahead electric to originate and design

The Silent Waverley Limousine-Four

In this wonderful car four separate Pullman chairs replace the usual forward and backward seats. Three face forward, the fourth is a "cosy corner" in front at the right.

Thus affording full four passenger capacity without obstructing the view of the driver who sits as usual in the left hand rear seat—the pleasant and sociable position, with instead of in front of the other occupants of your car.

This arrangement insures ample and delightful spaciousness and absolute freedom from crowding—No crushing of handsome gowns and wraps in the Waverley Limousine-Four—while permitting of greater luxury and greater elegance than has ever before been possible in a four passenger electric.

The little diagram shows this unique placing of seats, and how golf clubs, parcels, bags, etc., can be stowed out of the way behind the two side chairs. A small item, perhaps, but one that adds greatly to comfort.

Waverley patented drop sill construction permits of a beautiful, graceful low hung body swung on full elliptic springs as shown in the illustration—a combination which insures easy riding over every road and with

any tires while saving current, increasing mileage and protecting your car from racking bumps and jars.

Batteries are flushed from outside the car—no lifting out of cushions with greasy hands, no spotting with water or fabric eating acids.

The Limousine-Four will be on exhibition at the leading automobile shows, where prospective electric car owners can personally judge of its perfection—

—and decide if such a splendid car, the last word in four passenger electrics, could have been designed and perfected except by past masters of electric vehicle construction—men who from long experience know the mechanical requirements of every type, from the most luxurious pleasure car to the massive delivery truck.

Let us send you the Silent Waverley Electric Year Book which illustrates and describes the Limousine-Four, the famous Limousine-Five and the other Waverley pleasure car models illustrated in the left hand panel.

A beautiful production with decorations by a famous artist—it is yours on request together with the Waverley Commercial Car Catalog, showing types ranging from a light delivery wagon to a 5-ton truck. Address

THE WAVERLEY COMPANY

192 S. EAST STREET, Indianapolis, Ind.

Chicago Branch: 2425 Michigan Ave.

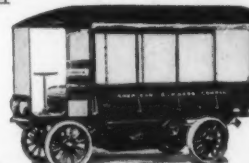
New York Branch: 1784 Broadway



1000 LB. DELIVERY
PRICE \$2,000



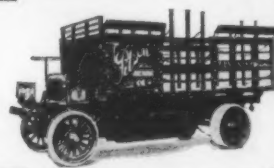
ONE TON TRUCK
PRICE \$2,500



TWO TON TRUCK
PRICE \$3,250



THREE & ONE HALF TON TRUCK
PRICE \$3,750



FIVE TON TRUCK
PRICE \$4,500